£10,000
in money prizes has been given in the
B.D.V.
CIGARETTE
SILK PICTURE
MONTHLY
NEEDLEWORK
COMPETITION.
GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., London.

OUR XMAS GIFT — A CONCESSION. *See Page 14.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 655. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

END QUARTER-DAY ANXIETY.
Why tolerate the worries, inconveniences and restrictions of a tenant, when the "City Life" simple system of easy instalment payments enables you to enjoy the rights and privileges of ownership?
Write for Booklet, free from D.B. / J.B.
CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.
(D. Bailey, Gen. Manager)
6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

STRANGE COURT MARTIAL STORY

That's the Stuff to Give 'Em!

Give 'em Milkmaid Milk-Cocoa piping hot! Nothing half so comforting and warming. Although a beverage it feeds and nourishes too.

MILKMAID MILK-COCOA

THE COCOA WITH THE MILK-CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

Just the finest cocoa, milk and sugar combined in correct proportions—three foods and a drink in one.

Prepared in England by the Proprietors of Nestlé's Milk and sold everywhere.

CASH PRICE:
5½d., 10d. & 1/7½ per tin

Good cakes made without sugar.

SUGAR coupons don't go very far when there are little ones around each with a "sweet tooth."

KEENORA Sugar Substitute, being in powder form and many times sweeter than sugar, can be obtained without coupons and used to sweeten scones, cakes, steam, and milk puddings and pies.

Cakes that are not sweet are like eggs without salt. All the cakes and milk puddings can be as sweet as they were "before 1914" if KEENORA Sugar Substitute is used.

All Grocers sell KEENORA Sugar Substitute 6½d. per packet. It is free from any taste whatever except sweetness.

If you cannot obtain it then send 6½d. to us, and we will post a packet to you. Give the name of local grocer, and we will see he has supplies in future.

Morris & Jones, Ltd., Whitechapel, Liverpool.

Go to your Grocer to-day and get a 6½d. packet of

KEENORA
SUGAR SUBSTITUTE

THE CHEWING GUM HABIT.

WHY IT IS BECOMING SO POPULAR IN THIS COUNTRY.

A few years ago it was customary to look upon the chewing gum habit as an American innovation. It is now almost as popular in the United Kingdom as in the United States. It should, perhaps, be explained the "gum" is *chicle*, the pure sap of a Mexican tree. It was originally sold without flavouring until an American doctor found that by the addition of Pepsin it made an ideal preventative of Indigestion, the action of chewing exercising the salivary glands and thus complementing the benefit of the pepsin. Adam's Pepsin Gum soon became a universal favourite and its sales in the United States and Canada are now enormous.

The attention of the Medical fraternity was directed by this success to other forms, and Adam's Black Jack chewing gum, a preparation in which liquorice is employed, soon had as great a vogue for coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throats, etc.

But aside from these medicated chewing gums, the American people soon found that the pure gum itself had wonderful properties. It keeps the teeth clean and free from tartar and consequent decay. The activities of the salivary glands furnish the stomach with gastric juices and so promote digestion. It proved a splendid thirst-quencher keeping the mouth moist and sweet. It was a nerve soother. Parents gave it to their children instead of chocolates and other sweets, especially in the form of a delightful confection called Adam's Chiclets, a pure and richly sugar-coated mint-flavoured sweet with the daintiest bit of chewing gum inside. Men took to it as a sedative instead of tobacco. Girls and women in shops and factories found Chiclets refreshing and comforting. Especially has the use of Chiclets developed during the war.

The United States War Department ordered many millions of packages for the troops at the front, and officially authorised the statement: "It has been found on long marches and where the troops are unable to get sufficient water, chewing gum is very effective in relieving thirst."

Adam's Chiclets have taken a firm hold among the British Soldiers to-day, and the habit thus formed will doubtless be maintained when they return to civil life.

Chiclets are among the favourite confections with our women and girls, especially those employed in the arduous duties of offices, factories, railway workers, etc., etc., and no confection has a more popular sale in all the shops where sweets are sold.

Adam's and Beeman's Chiclets, Pepsin Gum, Sen-Sen and Black Jack are recognised in the States (the home of chewing gum) as the standard brands of high grade quality and absolute purity. They are all sold at 5d. per packet and all Sweet Shops carry Stock.

DO YOU SING?

If so ask your music dealer for these great successes to-day.

2/- Per Copy or 2/1 Post Free from the publishers.

State whether for Low, Medium or High Voice.

Send Copies as Xmas Gifts to your Musical Friends.

ORCHESTRAL PARTS 2/- per set.

THE SONG THAT WILL LEAD THEM HOME

THERE'S A TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP UPON THE HIGHWAY

Sung with enormous success by
Mr. Thorpe Bates
Mr. Talbot O'Farrell
Miss Amy Evans.
Miss Lilian Byrne.
Miss Helen Blain.
Miss Gertie Gitana; etc.

There's a tramp, tramp, tramp upon the highway,
There's the sound of music drawing near,
There's a vacant chair—that's waiting there
For the one that we love so dear.
There's a song that everybody's singing
As the boys come sailing o'er the foam,
Peace on earth at last, the dark night past,
That's the song that will lead them Home.

Played by H.M. Guards' Bands and sung by our Troops during their triumphant march into Germany.

The LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO., 8, DENMARK STREET (Charing X Rd.), LONDON W.C. 2.

OTHER HITS:

The Heart of a Rose.

A Night of Romance
(That Wonderful Night in June).

The End of the Journey
(Homeland and You).

A Dream of Delight.

BEACON OILSKINS
will keep you dry always. Men's Coats from 25/- Ladies' from 22/6 Children's from 16/6 (2 year old size). Adults' Sou'-westers 3/- Long Leggings 5/- —all guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods.
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE
Send Postcard now for the Art Booklet of Weather Comforts" to
BARBOURS, Ltd.,
67, Beacon Buildings, SOUTH SHIELDS, England.

CHILDREN LIKE PICTURES

TO PLAY WITH AND SOMETHING TO DO.
Ask your Bookseller for TODDIES TOY BOXES— 1/6 each.
CINDERELLA, with a coach to build up.
THE MERRY GO ROUND, with movable figures.
THE HUMPTY DUMPTY BOX with a Windmill to erect.
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, with a House to build.
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN, with all the birds in the Rhyme, coloured true to Nature.
PAPER TOYS, and HOW TO MAKE THEM, with 100 figures to cut out.
If not in stock sent post free on receipt of 3 for 4/9, 4 for 6/3, 6 for 9/-.
GALL & INGLIS, 20, Bernard Terrace, EDINBURGH, and LONDON.

DIE CASTING PLANTS

MONOMETER, FURNACES, BIRMINGHAM.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 655. **Week ending Saturday, December 21st, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Special Notice!

Owing to the Christmas holidays, next week's JOHN BULL *will be on sale two days earlier than usual. It will thus be obtainable in the London district on Monday, December 23rd, and generally throughout the country on Tuesday, December 24th.*

Our Thanks.

We tender our sincerest thanks to the hundreds of readers who responded so generously to our appeal last week for help in connection with our South Hackney contest. The result will not, of course, be officially known until Saturday, the 28th, but we think our readers may take it that we are assured of a remarkable majority.

Last Word to Tommy and Jack.

And now a last word to Tommy and Jack abroad. There is yet time for them to send back their voting papers before the poll finally closes on Saturday, the 28th. I know that many of the boys, indignant at being bothered with politics at this stage, are discarding their voting papers altogether—but they *must* make an exception in the case of South Hackney!

"Contemptibles" and Christmas.

Won't the War Office consider the question of granting every "Old Contemptible"—wherever he be—special leave for Christmas?

Hail, Haig!

It is quite remarkable that, all of a sudden, Sir Douglas Haig's name is once more being mentioned in connection with the war. He is to visit us this week—and if the public knew as much as we do as to the part he played in bringing about the final overthrow of the German forces, he would be accorded an ovation such as no British general has ever enjoyed.

Prodigious!

We received a terrible shock during the recent election in the shape of a letter from a South Hackney woman, who told us she had brought no fewer than 5,965 children into the world! It turned out, however, that she was a professional midwife, and wished to draw our attention to certain grievances of her profession!

An Election Scuffle.

By the way, an amusing incident of the election arose in connection with a lesson given in a Homerton school on the subject of the ballot, at the end of which the class had handed round voting papers containing the names of ourselves and our opponent, and each child was then told to place his cross opposite the name of one of the candidates. Out of 29 children, 26 voted for us—with the result that the remaining 3 had a bad time in the playground!

The King's Pardon.

We suggest that one of the first things the Government should do on the conclusion of peace is to secure the King's pardon for all juvenile and first offenders now in prison.

The Conversion of the Press.

What an extraordinary change there has been in the attitude of the general Press towards us! It is scarcely too much to say that we divided the honours of the news columns with the Prime Minister. But it was "a long way to Tipperary."

"Up the Poll."

It is the ambition of every Parliamentary candidate to get to the top of the poll, but surely our own experience, in addressing a huge meeting of workpeople on the flat roof of a Government factory, was unique. One ardent admirer considered it was prophetic of our some day being at the top of the House!

Wonderful Women.

How wonderful the women were! Who shall ever again say that they take no interest in public affairs? And now that they understand what voting is, we predict an even livelier interest in future. The old lady, for instance, who told us that, much as she would like to vote, she was not "going to be cross-questioned about her past by those gents at the Town Hall," will have no further fears.

Club Talent.

We would recommend Sir Alfred Butt, Mr. Ernest Rolls, Mr. de Courville, Mr. Cochran and others on the look out for dramatic and musical talent, to pay an occasional visit to some of the South Hackney social clubs. It was here that Bransby Williams, Arthur Prince, Gus Carrick and others were discovered, and there is some fine stuff about just now.

The Only Remedy.

Here is a telegram received by us from Colonsay, Argyllshire:—

> Colonsay electors have been disfranchised owing to there being no polling-booth in island and owing to neglect of powers that be to provide steamer to convey us to Islay, 16 miles away.—What remedy have we?

If we were Irish, we would say—"Vote agin the Government."

Good-bye, Mr. Mir!

So Mir Anwaruddin—the Mohammedan barrister whose treatment of his English wife we recently exposed in Court, and who was subsequently convicted and sent to prison for wilful perjury committed in the course of the case—has now been "disbarred" by the Benchers of his Inn, who have thus purged the profession of a most undesirable member.

Getting On!

Says the *Saturday Review*, "If the House of Commons is to be a really representative place, Mr. Bottomley ought to be there. . . He is a clever man, who knows his public." And elsewhere we quote the *Contemporary Review* on us.

Those Absent Voters.

We are getting together a nice collection of returned envelopes containing our Election literature—carefully copied from the latest revised official list—and marked "Insufficiently addressed"!

The Old Story.

A London firm tells us that it recently advertised for a few packers, and had about two hundred applications—mostly from Discharged Soldiers, "who stood in a queue in the street, many of them in a distressed condition." Thus do we look after our heroes!

When He Comes Back.

There is some anxiety as to whether women who helped to win the war by doing the work of the men who went, will be content to relinquish those jobs when the time comes. Our faith is that no woman will for a moment wish to keep Tommy out of his berth—"When Tommy Comes Marching Home."

Judges of Character.

Rummagers in the archives of the popular Press frequently present us with the results of their researches. As late as May, 1914, our engaging contemporary the *Bystander* was gushing over the German Crown Prince: "A plain man, a lover of Nature, a bold horseman, a true soldier, a good husband and father." That the Heir of the Berlin Butcher is a "plain man" no judge of beauty will deny, but apart from this, the *Bystander* owes us all an apology.

That O. B. E.

This is from a reader signing himself "A Dinkum Aussie Anti-Decorationist":—

I know a man of industry, who made big bombs for the R.F.C.,
And pocketed lots of £. s. d.—and he, thank God, is an O.B.E.

I knew a woman of pedigree, who asked some soldiers out to tea,
And said "Dear me," and "Yes, I see"—and she thank God, is an O.B.E.

I know a fellow of 23, who got a job with a fat M.P.
Not caring much for the infantry—and he, thank God, is an O.B.E.

I had a friend; a friend and he just held the line for you and me,
And kept the Hun back from the sea—and died without the O.B.E.

We shall have to offer a prize for a new meaning for these letters—O.B.E. Does one occur to you?

The Coal Crime.

The Coal Controller still fails to control, and local Fuel Officers follow his bad example. The sick and ill must sit and shiver, while empty grates mean yet more illness. Even when coal is to be had in small quantities, the price is outrageous. 3s. per cwt. is a figure extortionate and indefensible.

Sack the Censor.

The Press Censorship as applied to foreign news cables is still in full swing. The consequence is we have no reliable information as to what is happening in Russia, and no proper explanation of the retention of large numbers of British troops in the country that the Bolshies call their own. If the rabble who hold the reins in Russia were an organised military power, such reticence might be explicable.

Shaw the Jester.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is still standing on his head, the position that seems so natural to him. He wishes to know, "What can we do with the Kaiser?" and accuses the Coalition of "making a red herring of him." "They could not bring the Kaiser into court and charge him with crime; war was not a crime." Shaw does not see how silly he is, nor how funny is his argument. Put it like this:—"You cannot charge the Kaiser with crime because kissing is not a crime." Such is logic according to Bernard—if we take him seriously. But we do not.

Guarded—At Last.

We have now reached the two proudest moments of our life; one is that we are "in" for South Hackney, and the other is that German prisoners in this country, after all our efforts, now work under guard. The following note has been received by the Headmaster of a school at Stanstead, in Essex: "Sir,—Will you kindly let Frank come home at half past three every day as he has to take the German prisoners home to Weston House soon after four." Frank is eleven years of age, and he has to guard 'em for more than a mile along a lonely road!

Friends and Neutrals.

When British trade gets going again we shall not find many "neutrals"; that is to say, everyone will be very friendly. Already Sweden is discovering that her pro-German inclinations were all wrong, and that, appearances notwithstanding, they really loved us all the time. However, it's a wise nation that knows its own friends, and if these stand-offish gentry imagine that for the future they are coming into our markets on the same terms as our own Dominions and our tried and trusted Allies, they have made as big a mistake as when they backed Germany to win the war.

The Kaiser's Fate.

Our lugubrious brother who edits the *Nation* with more cleverness than sense is still hoping against hope that the Berlin Butcher may escape his just doom. "Let the Kaiser be permitted," he pleads, "quietly to escape to the end of the earth, not butchered to make a holiday." Now, our dear confrère knows quite well that no one wants to hang the Kaiser simply for the sake of seeing him swing. Arch-criminal as he is, Wilhelm II. will be solemnly executed—unless the Allied Governments are false to all their undertakings—in order to vindicate the majesty of Justice in the sight of an outraged world.

What about This?

Lance-Corporal W. Newton, Royal Fusiliers, was released from the Army in order to resume civilian employment. On making application for work to his former employer, Mr. J. L. Luddington, of Littleport, Cambridgeshire, he was refused, the agent telling him that he already had more men than work for them. The majority of them are German prisoners!

A Funny Game.

We are told that while employees are being discharged wholesale from the National Rifle Factory at Lench Street, Birmingham, uncompleted work is being removed from this establishment to others for final completion. Naturally this arrangement is viewed with intense disfavour by the remaining workers, who are whispering all sorts of sweet nothings.

The WAACs' Christmas.

Twelve days' Christmas leave and free passes for Tommies—good! But for the Waacs, Queen Mary's Own Girl Soldiers—nothing! And that is bad; very bad. If anybody has worked hard, in France and at home, they have, and every single (or married) one who can be spared from her camp ought to have a comfy journey home for Christmas, and all the others should come in the New Year.

To Grade Up.

Already we have had it from Mr. Lloyd George that it is impossible to run a Grade I. Empire with a Grade III. population. An Area Commandant in France now suggests that the physical degeneracy disclosed by British conscription is probably due to "the indiscriminate hospitality we have extended to the off-scourings of the world," and that, following the example of the United States, "we too should have an Ellis Island." Britain for the British, to the fullest extent—that is our policy; and if a quarantine and examining station will help keep the scum of the earth out of the best country on earth, then by all means let's have them.

A Filthy Boy.

At the Wetherby (Yorks) Police Court the other day, a Harrogate youth, named Bake, 15 years of age, the son of a private schoolmaster, confessed to an indecent and cowardly assault upon a little girl of seven. Of course, the hulking young beast was severely punished? Don't you believe it. He was simply bound over in his father's recognisances, and his name left out of the local newspapers so as not to hurt his parents' feelings. Fortunately, the little girl was not permanently injured, but in omitting to order young Bake a sound flogging the Magistrates turned their back on justice. Let us hope the father has remedied their omission.

Cornering the Currants.

Every sign points to the fact that the Food Control are going to let the unfavoured customer be deprived of the dried fruit ration promised to him. Currants and raisins, like kissing, are already going by favour in the shops. It is quite a phrase of the counter in many, "Sorry, madam, but we're sold out," while in secret assistants are making up little parcels of dried fruits for those customers who pay the biggest bills. Because of the unfair and unequal distribution, thousands of poor families will get no dried fruit this Christmas at all. In fact, as in every Christmas during the war, the hungry shall not be filled with good things nor shall the rich be sent empty away.

Still G.P.O.

Telegraph messengers are growling audibly about the conditions of their Sunday work. There is compulsory duty on that day of 6 hours, at 3d. an hour, making a total of 1s. 6d. for their Day of Rest. Not a lot of money, is it?

No Milk—and No Wonder.

We are told that several Irish dairy managers have offered to send milk to Birmingham during the winter months, "but the blundering red-tape officials say 'No,' and there the matter rests." It would be such a pity to hurt the delicate feelings of the British milk-rampers, you see.

The Cosy Hun.

Prisoners of war interned in this country are allowed a weekly supply of 210 lb. of fuel for every 25 men; and officers are to be made still more cosy. Yet in a certain Edinburgh camp a company of Highlanders were permitted, on November 8th, one bucket of coal, containing about ¾ cwt., for each hut. At the next issue, three weeks later, the company received another bucketful. On an average, there were 27 men in each hut. ".Why," a man of the Gordons would like to know, "are the German prisoners treated so much better than our own Tommies?"

The Liquor Lord.

Lord D'Abernon might consider the following case over his toast-and-water. It concerns a gentleman who, during the war, has retained but one servant, a cook who has been 16 years with him. That good woman was ill, and "in a bad way." A doctor, called in, immediately ordered brandy. It was unobtainable; the chemists had none. Says the employer:—"I have paid over £6 in Insurance stamps for this poor woman, and now that she is in need of brandy that might save her life it is not to be had, owing to the fiendish cruelty of officials." That sums the case in a nutshell.

Heroes and I.L.P'ers.

Everybody who has studied the strenuous war work of Macdonaldbacher, Schnowdenstein, and the pernicious gang they lead will adequately estimate the value of I.L.P'ers generally as judges of heroes. Nobody, therefore, will be surprised to know that at a recent meeting of the Party in the Totnes Division, the chief speaker, a man named Heywood, acclaimed Conscientious Objectors as heroes "because they had fought against the most damnable Government that ever existed in the world." Of course it was a ludicrous lie. Not one of 'em has ever lifted even his umbrella against the Kaiser.

Unjust to Jersey Lilies.

In 1915 it was worth while for the Ministry of Munitions to send specially to Jersey to enlist the services of a large number of girls. Many of them left good situations to serve; some of them are now thrown out of employment and they naturally expected the relief of out-of-work pay as promised. But the Ministry of Labour states bluffly that an applicant for the "out-of-work donation" is "disqualified for receiving donation whilst he or she is resident, temporarily or permanently, outside the United Kingdom." It appears disgracefully unjust to treat as outlaws girls of Jersey who have done all they were pressed to do.

Q.M.A.A.C.

They are treating Queen Mary's Own Soldier-women very badly, when demobilising them, by demanding the delivery up of all their clothing. On joining, the women were promised a free kit; on leaving, it is taken away in its entirety. Half-worn-out overalls would be useful in civil life, but the Army claims them, even as it reaches for the stockings, darned from heel to toe. It is rather like stripping the women to pile up stores for the eventual enriching of the ragman.

P.O. Pensions.

The Post Office is hard to move, but the plight of its old, past-work pensioners should move its heart, if it has one. These veterans, superannuated on £1 a week after a lifetime's toil, are hard hit indeed by present prices. When we hear of an aged State servant tramping 18 miles to sell a few eggs, to obtain money to buy bread, it does appear as though the P.O. is blind to its responsibilities and deaf to the cry of its own people.

Sweated "Temps."

If only Government would standardise the bonuses they grant—or deny—it would save much dissatisfaction and dispel much gloom. Complaints pour in upon us, and we are now asked to take up the cause of temporary clerks at the Stationery Office, Westminster, who are obliged to work 12 hours overtime before they can earn £2 a week. The bonus paid to another staff under the same Office has not come, nor has back-pay been made up. These patient scribes appear shabbily treated.

This Year, Next Year, Sometime—?

Very many people have been anxious to secure standard suits of standard cloth, and the delay in supply has become wearisome. One tailor has at length received the straight tip from the Department of Wool Textile Production, War Office, Bradford. He paid for patterns many weeks back, and now is informed:—"We beg to say that there will be no delivery of Standard Cloth patterns for 46 weeks." If your trousers wear out, you may, therefore, see a pattern in a year's time, but must not expect the cloth so soon!

The "Chief's" Climb-down.

So Chief Constable Anderson, of Aberdeen, has climbed down, and made a handsome apology. P.C. Milne has been re-instated, and everything in the garden's lovely. Perhaps next time more pains will be taken to investigate before a constable's reputation is blasted, and his pension taken away. The fun of it is, however, that the Chief Constable's backers—the Lord Provost and Councillor Duncan—refuse to withdraw or apologise for anything. *They* at any rate are ready and smiling for the next encounter. Aberdonians, remember at the next Municipal election!

The Wanton Poor Law.

Commenting the other day upon the sad case of Rose Parnell, sentenced at Worcester for the manslaughter of her infant child, we mentioned the harsh treatment the poor girl had met with at the Bromsgrove Workhouse. But the Bromsgrove Guardians can be generous enough when they like. Just recently, we notice, they have advanced the salaries of nearly all their assistants, the increases amounting to over £300. Yet when Rose Parnell asked to be tided over her time of trouble and helped to find a home for her baby, there was "nothing doing"—it was "against the Regulations."

"Charge, Chester, Charge!"

The daughter of a soldier, in Chester, was ordered to the hospital by her doctor. The poor girl passed away next day, and the City and County Borough of Chester did not lighten her parents' grief by sending in the following bill:—"To use of ambulance—5s." Chester Corporation thereby lines up with other public bodies in doing an unworthy act.

The "Little Wooden Huts."

There will soon be numbers of uninhabited "model villages" all over the country, when munitioners and others "leave their little wooden huts" for bricks and mortar. There should be some intelligent way of utilising the huts to ease, at least temporarily, the housing difficulty. Any man who has done his bit and seeks a cottage for self and family should be entitled to claim the use of a hut in spring or summer—to give him time to look about for a more suitable habitation.

A Vanished £5.

In January, a lady sent £5 by telegraph to a soldier at Alexandria. In February he wrote that he had received nothing. Shortly afterwards the poor fellow was killed in battle. As for the £5 he never received, that seems to remain in somebody's pocket at Alexandria. The Money Order Department of our G.P.O., which charged 12s. 9d. for looking after the cash, simply repeats, parrot-wise, that it has had no reply from the Egyption P.O. It should be strong enough to force a reply.

Britain's Bit.

The United States has celebrated Britain's Day—a day of recognition of the British nation's one or two little efforts towards winning the war. The American Press acknowledges that Gennany's doom was sealed when khaki appeared on the fields of France and Flanders. But our cousins are still surprised that Britain does not boast about it. Says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*: "When it comes to self-laudation the British are the poorest advertisers the world has ever seen." It is our way. But we get there all the same.

More A.B.C.

A worker at an Aerated Bread Company's shop thinks our remarks about its wicked wage-sheet have had effect. She reports that two of the girls "got a rise"; but one, alas, was an Irishman's rise! Two gave notice because they could secure no increase. And we are asked to say a word for the kitchen hands of the A.B.C., who work out of sight—and out of mind. "We get," they say, "half-a-crown a day, or less when we pay for dinner, etc." We defy the complacent directors to defend that figure.

A Candidate's Cheek.

Some funny fish have been nibbling at the Election bait, to be sure. In the new Borough of Bromley, for instance, opposed to the Right Hon. H. W. Forster there was Mr. Holford Knight, a barrister whose pronounced pacifist leanings were notorious throughout the war. So objectionable were Mr. Knight's views to all patriotic persons that not long ago he was compelled to cut his connection with St. Michael's Church, Chiswick, where he had been accustomed to read the lessons. Yet this, forsooth, was the man who in addressing the electors of Bromley claimed to represent "the united interests of Liberalism, Labour, Soldiers and Women." We *must* watch for the figures!

O.M. for Horses.

The war horse is not to have an O.B.E.—he doesn't want it—but an Order of Merit as suggested in our recent issue. Mr. A. J. Coke, the Secretary of "Our Dumb Friends' League," informs us that our suggestion has come to the notice of the Committee of the Blue Cross Fund and was unanimously adopted. The object of the badge is primarily to encourage the drivers of these horses to take a personal pride in them, and thus incite in other drivers a spirit of emulation.

Post Office Geography.

A sailor, on active service on one of H.M. ships in Scapa Flow, posted a letter home, placing it in the post-bag on board. In such conditions it is not usually necessary to pay the postage fee, and he did not do so, but the lively Post Office promptly claimed 1½d., "postage due," when the letter was delivered in Happy Hackney. The excuse offered was that it had been posted "ashore in England." Somebody should tell the P.O. that Scapa Flow is not really part of the mainland

An Upright Judge.

When harsh or grasping landlords come for Eviction Orders against tenants in poor circumstances, His Honour Judge Mulligan, K.C., of the Norfolk County Court, knows exactly "the stuff to give 'em." Among such cases was that of a poor woman with eight children under 13 years of age, the landlord's excuse being that the husband had left his employment, although there were no arrears of rent. "To turn out this family in winter," said the Judge, "is something that ought not to be tolerated in this country"—therefore judgment for the defendant with costs. And quite right, too!

A Jam Jar.

Owing to the shortage of jam in jars, an East Ham grocer bought it in bulk and sold to customers in their own vessels. In consequence of the 'flu and absence of staff, about three weeks' stock-in-hand at the time of the Jam Control Order could not be sold. He has now offered to dispose of it to all comers at ½d. a pound profit, but the East Ham Food Committee will not permit him to do so except by coupon. The position of course is that the jam will not keep much longer, and that in spite of the shortage the Committee prefer to see it go to waste rather than grant a special Permit for its quick sale.

British Clothes for Germans.

Through an Englishman, a Wandsworth tailor has received orders "for an old customer who is an interned German" to supply clothing, and has refused. As the tailor puts it, "supposing the deportation scheme comes off," and the Huns interned here are allowed to order and take away suits made by British labour from British cloth, while returned British soldiers seek in vain for civilian clothes to cover their skins, the Vaterlandt will to this extent have the laugh of us indeed. The idea of sending back the Hun with a perfect-fitting coat and a crease down the trousers is enough to strike dismay into the patriotic heart of any British tailor.

Your Last Opportunity.

At the request of numerous readers, we are reprinting the Christmas Gift Coupon—it will be found on page 14—and, as a further concession, this special offer will be available until January 8th.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

MY DEAR "A. J.,"—*Entre nous*, I fear a great deal of jealousy has been incited among the lady clerks of the Foreign Office by the decision to send some of them to Paris for the work of the Peace Conference. Have the favoured ones been told to sort out their high heels and furs and feathers, and to be sure not to forget to take at least one—evening frock? Also, in order to click the merry typewriter with a style and finish second to none, that they are to have a special dress allowance added to their salary and expenses? I am told it is so; hence the joy of the chosen and the tears of the rejected. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mrs. Behrens, Malton, Yorkshire.

MADAM,—I notice that when a resolution was submitted to the Malton and Norton Joint Board of Guardians, of which you are a member, demanding that the ex-Kaiser should be brought to trial, you declined to give it your support; indeed, you went so far as to state that in your opinion it "could not legally be done." For a daughter of the Rothschilds this was a most unfortunate position to take up. All things considered, it would have been far more seemly for you to keep silence on this matter, unless you were ready to take the side of justice and patriotism. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. T. Moore, J.P., Petty Sessions, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

REVEREND BEAR,—I am sorry to quarrel with the cloth, but, 'pon my word, you are much too strong in the arm. I have just been looking down a list of fines imposed by the local Magistrates, with you in the Chair, and the total amount would go a long way towards the liquidation of the War Debt, although there is not a serious offence in the whole list. Looks to me as though you had mistaken the Police Court for a Church Bazaar. Go a bit easier.
JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. J. W. Gulland, Chief Liberal Whip.

DEAR JOHN WILLIE,—I see you have signed a petition for the immediate release of all Conscientious Objects, although why on earth you should want to row in this galley is more than I can say. I suppose the idea is that there is going to be a scramble for employment, and that it would be a nice thing to give the "Conchies" a long start over the boys in blue and khaki who will soon be home again. If this is your game, allow me to tell you that it isn't coming off. What *do* you take us for, after all the experience we have had of these miserable skunks? JOHN BULL.

To H. Kent, Esq., Guardian of the Poor, Bishop's Stortford.

MR. GUARDIAN, SIR,—You really must be a queer stick and an odd lot. I have before me a report of the meeting of the Guardians at which you voted to deprive the workhouse inmates of their glass of Christmas beer—and this though the beer won't cost you or anybody else a bawbee of rate money. I suppose you regard this attitude as Christian endeavour; most other people in the district regard it as hypocritical humbug. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Henry Robson, J.P., Grocer and Magistrate, Bournemouth.

SIR,—Only the other week I was explaining how those careless assistants of yours had let you down by charging too much for cooked bacon, and now I see you have been in trouble again for breaches of the Rationing Orders. Of course, it was a "purely technical offence," and you were ready as usual to lay the whole blame on the people who work for you, but I don't like the look of it, and if I had been on the Bench I am not sure you would have got off with a fine of 10s. for each partner in the firm. At any rate, this sort of thing must stop. If it goes on, you'll be ashamed to show your face in chapel. JOHN BULL.

To Major Waldorf Astor, Deputy Food Controller.

DEAR MAJOR,—Is it still necessary for the Customs officers to pinch sugar from passengers landing at the ports? As things stand, any quantity over a pound is seized, and it is the dickens own job to get it back again. I quite understand that under the Government scheme you are bound to control the importation of quantities, but it occurs to me that now the worst of the trouble is over, there would be no harm in allowing passengers a few pounds a head, to sweeten their porridge. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman F. W. Senier, Mayor, Southend-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—The Magistrates, under your chairmanship, have grudgingly granted a licence to hold a series of Sunday concerts in the local Hippodrome for soldiers and their friends. As I understand the matter, permission has been given for one concert "for soldiers only," the programme to be submitted to and censored by the Bench. I suppose this really will be a free country some day. The abolition of the powers of Sabbatarian censorship of other people's enjoyments by petty Magistrates will perhaps help the good time along.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. C. Ross, B.A., Vicar, S. Benet and All Saints', Kentish Town.

DEAR VICAR.—I learn from your parish magazine that you have been spending a week in Essex, and that you have noticed the lovely time the German prisoners are having there. No guard; work or idle as they please; "driven to work in brakes and home again similarly in the evening to the comfortable workhouse in which they are confined." On your protesting you were informed they would only work if well fed. What was it Carlyle said about the population of England? About the same, Vicar, as what the Hun has always said about us; that the British will always be fools and the Germans will never be gentlemen. JOHN BULL.

"HOME FROM HOME."

DISCOMFORT AT A MUNITIONS HOSTEL.

Munition girls are generally believed to have been nicely looked after by the Government, housed in hostels by the Ministry of Munitions—and, in such cases, it was naturally assumed, that all would be sweet and serene. If this was usually the case, the Ministry of Munitions Hostel at Slades Green, Erith, must have been an unhappy exception to the rule. In the first place, this important Hostel is nominally superintended by a coloured man named Palmer, an arrangement highly distasteful to most of the workers. The actual management of the place, however, seems to have been in the hands of Palmer's English wife. The quality of the food supplied has been a standing cause of complaint. The few capable servants employed at the Hostel have so often been absent that the munition girls, in many instances, have had to turn to and clean their own bedrooms. Another grievance relates to the shortage of sugar, although the girls' ration books were taken charge of by Mrs. Palmer; while there is also a good deal of dissatisfaction in regard to the failure of the Manager to give any kind of check or receipt for articles of food purchased at the counter. One of the girls described what she evidently regards as a red-letter day in the lives of the boarders: "Our food was cooked nicely and we had a real meat dinner, and that was the day the Welfare Ladies came." Originally, we believe, the Y.W.C.A. controlled the Slades Green Hostel, but apparently they now disclaim all responsibility. Perhaps next time the Welfare Ladies visit Erith they will take the pains to ascertain the true condition of affairs.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

FINE CHANCE FOR DEMOBILISED MILLIONAIRES.

The British South Africa Company have "decided to offer land in Rhodesia, free to approved sailor and soldier settlers from overseas, and also to undertake to provide expert advice and supervision." But there are conditions. "It is necessary," the Directors state, "that a new settler on the land should be equipped with considerable capital, estimated at not less than £1,000." We will assume that by knocking off beer and halving his consumption of "fags," the discharged man has amassed that little sum and is off to Rhodesia with a thousand of the best in his haversack. What then? Well, we have studiously perused the dainty booklet issued by the British South Africa Company, and we say with reverence, Heaven only knows. For one thing we are told that, "Any natives who may be cultivating or otherwise occupying any portion of the said land, and whom it may be desired to remove, can only be removed after due notice has been issued to such natives through the Native Commissioner of the district"—so that if the niggers should be found in possession, it looks as though the settler will have time to count his money over before he gets down to the farming. By-the-bye, an old soldier having served not only in the present war but in two South African campaigns, informs us that land was similarly offered by the Company to men who had fought through the Matabele War in 1896, but that the sites chosen were utterly unsuitable, part of the land having been described in the Company's own advertisements as unfit for the residence of white men. Does the "once bit" proverb apply?

TROUBLE IN THE PIG MARKET.

AMAZING BLUNDERS BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD.

Not long ago we were officially warned that if we didn't take care we might expect to be starved before Christmas, and that amongst other things it was the duty of every man who called himself a Briton, and had room in his back garden, to start keeping pigs. Unfortunately for their pockets, many people took the advice seriously. Some time afterwards the Food Production Department had a lucid interval; it occurred to them that pigs had to be fed and there was no food to feed them; so the order went out to cut their throats. Mr. H. S. Cantley, the Director of Pig Production, was so upset about it that he resigned. Some of the victims, however, are less resigned than Mr. Cantley. An Aston small-holder paid £9 for two pigs, fed them for five weeks, and then was compelled to sell them for £6 2s. 3d. Whatever this may be, it cannot be called profiteering. Go where you will, the same sort of thing has been happening. A Suffolk reader thus relates his experience: "I kept seven pigs, and was ordered to have them killed because there was no food. I was not allowed to let the butcher have them, so had to pay a man 16s. to take them to Beccles Sale. As there were too many pigs for local consumption, mine and others were sent somewhere by rail. About a fortnight later my money was sent—£9 2s. 0d. less than they had cost me. The Area Live Stock Commissioner was not very hopeful. 'I am sorry to hear you have made a loss on your pigs,' he wrote, 'but I regret that you can have no redress for the loss incurred either from the auctioneer or the Ministry of Food.'" Oh, dear; oh, very dear!

AN EXCHANGE OF "BLOWS."

They used to fight with all their might,
A few short years ago;

But they've to-day a different way
Of giving "blow for blow."

WRONGING THE BRAVE.

OFFICIAL INJUSTICE TO HEROES AND DEPENDENTS.

In the treatment of discharged soldiers and sailors and of the dependents of the fallen, public authorities should set a generous example. Unfortunately, however, their hands are sometimes tied by the harsh regulations of the Local Government Board. Take a typical example. A recently discharged soldier was employed before the war by the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians as an engineer. On his enlistment in August, 1914, he was told that his place would be kept open. We now learn, however, that after three months' sick leave, following his discharge from the Army, the ex-soldier has been served by the Clerk with a month's notice. To make the case harder, the man loses his prospect of a pension, and must reconcile himself with the mere return of the money which, during the 16 years of his employment by the Board, has been deducted from his salary to go towards the Superannuation Fund. For this loss, which is a gross injustice to men who have fought for their country, the responsibility rests not with the Guardians, but with the regulations of the Local Government Board. A very similar complaint reaches us from the widow of a man formerly employed by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, who, having joined the naval service, met his death while on duty with the Harwich Patrol. This poor woman is shortly to become the mother of a posthumous child, but the Asylums Board are debarred by the regulations of the L.G.B. from returning her late husband's superannuation premium which, in the circumstances, would be such a boon to her; while at the same time, owing to the circumstances of her husband's employment by a public authority, she is excluded from Maternity Benefit under the National Health Insurance Act. There is clearly a strong case for the revision of the Local Government Board regulations so as to enable local authorities to exercise a generous discretion in cases of this kind. Perhaps the most anomalous feature of the situation is that if a person employed by a public authority is dismissed for misconduct, these superannuation premiums are repayable in full!

A SAD SONG OF SIXPENCE.

WRETCHED TREATMENT OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

To be quite candid with the Singer Sewing Machine Company, we do not always like their tune; now and again a bitterly harsh note is struck. A soldier's wife at Walsall bought a machine through Singer's local agent on the terms of 10s. down and 2s. 6d. a week till paid for. Unfortunately, after she had paid the 10s. deposit and thirteen half-crowns on top of it, she was compelled through circumstances unforeseen to miss a single week's payment. As the good woman puts the case to us, "I had a bit of trouble one week and was not able to pay the 2s. 6d." All the same, she did not ask for any special favour. Her suggestion was that for the next five weeks she should pay an additional sixpence—3s. instead of 2s. 6d.—until the arrears were wiped out. There was no such provision in the contract, it is true, but a generous firm would not have insisted upon the letter of the law—would not have used their agreement like a Shylock bond. Had the woman no claim to fair consideration? As we have said, she was the wife of a soldier; for three years her husband had fought in France to defend our shores, to protect our business—yes, and to keep things snug and cosy for those carrying on "business as usual." Did Messrs. Singer remember this? Did their agent do his best to ease the situation for the hard-pressed customer? He did not. Perhaps he could not help himself; perhaps to do as the woman suggested would have meant trouble with his employers. Apparently the local Manager was consulted, but to no purpose; either the woman must pay off the arrears at once—5s. in one week instead of 2s. 6d.—or lose the machine. Fearfully she had to face the latter alternative; there was no help for it. So the machine has gone; gone, too, the sum of £2 2s. 6d., the total of the deposit and weekly payments, the fruit of so much toil and sacrifice. A rotten shame! Of course it was. The Singer Company is too big a firm and too rich a one to carry on its business on the "snatch back" principle. It was harsh and mean and ungenerous—and the woman was the wife of a fighting man!

A TARNISHED TITLE.

GROSS INSULT TO AN HONOURABLE ORDER.

We all remember the ancient saw about a king being able to make a "belted knight"—and its caustically true corollary anent the impossibility of forming a silk purse out of a sow's ear. For a modern instance, what could be a more glaring example than the case of ex-Sir Joseph Jonas—the man who, born at Bingen-on-the-Rhine, came to this country, was granted all the privileges of British citizenship, elected to the Lord Mayoralty of Sheffield, knighted by the King to whom he had sworn fealty—then convicted of helping the enemy to obtain information of vital importance to the security of the State, heavily fined, and degraded as a recreant knight? Would it be believed that this man's business is still being advertised as "Sir Joseph Jonas, Colver and Co., Ltd."? The parade of titles in this way is not considered by Englishmen as the best of form, even when legitimately held, but, of course, Teutonic taste delights in such barbarities—the longer-winded the better. However, this insult to those who worthily wear the title must stop at once. We are surprised that the other Directors and shareholders of the Company have not had the decency to take the necessary steps to rectify the misstatement, which was surely glaring enough for them to notice.

A MYSTERIOUS FUND.

QUEER MEDLEY OF CHARITY AND BUSINESS.

Perhaps some walking encyclopedia will give us a little information in regard to the Customs Fund. On the one hand, the Fund carries an embossed crown on its notepaper, and has the Customs House for its official address; on the other, it appears to engage in business of certain kinds on much the same footing as a private firm, but with the immense advantage of a semi-official status. For instance, a Brockley reader was given some timber-measuring to do by the Ministry of Munitions. Shortly after, it was taken away from him and handed over to the Customs Fund. In the course of correspondence, some further light was thrown on the matter by the statement of the Ministry of Munitions that the Fund "was established by Act of Parliament more than 100 years ago for the benefit of widows and orphans of officials in the employ of the Commissioners of Customs and Excise"; but this announcement fails accurately to define the position of the Customs Fund, nor does it remove our correspondent's just cause of complaint. As a skilled man with a living to earn, he regards the whole business as "very unfair competition."

A "COMFY BILLET" AT BOLTON.

LUCKY YOUNG MAN WITH SOME KIND FRIENDS.

Bolton seems to prefer its municipal officers to be young. Having a vacancy for Deputy Town Clerk, it has appointed a man of 29, who became a solicitor only in 1913, and has, we understand, seen no service in navy or army. He hails from Bury, as do several of other Bolton officials, and was brought up in the same legal forcing-house as that from which came the present Town Clerk, the senior to whom he is now the lucky Deputy. If Bolton people like all their big-salaried men to come from Bury, and some from the same solicitor's office, then Bolton people are getting just what they like. There is some mystery as to why the Assistant Solicitor to the Corporation was not in the running for the post now filled. He is serving with the forces like a man, and we should hate to think that he was given no opportunity to put in an application. The appointment of Mr. Rothwell, of Bury, seems to have been just one of those unsatisfactory affairs that are only too common in many municipalities.

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

A SOLDIER'S DEMAND FOR INVESTIGATION AND JUSTICE.

LET every soldier, be he discharged or still serving, thank God that at least one man has been returned to the House of Commons who will see justice done. There are many wrongs to be righted; cases to which public attention has been called in JOHN BULL will now be brought to the test of Parliamentary question and debate, and no official shuffling and prevarication will avail. We have before us as we write the story, not this time of an officer whose cruel condemnation and travesty of justice we have exposed in "Shot at Dawn"—this is the case of an ordinary private who is demanding fair play, and who shall get it if there is any power in an independent journal and an independent M.P.

LOST BEHIND THE LINES.

He shall tell his own story: "On April 6th last, we were in reserve trenches and we changed into supports—as usual, under cover of darkness. It was a quiet night, very wet and dark; we were on strange ground. All of our company, myself included, were taken out to fetch rations. It was discovered we were not strong enough in numbers to fetch the lot in one journey. A second would have to be made; so we started off again with a different officer, who wandered from the beaten track; consequently several of us were lost. All of them found their way back, with the exception of two—I was one of those two. For 36 hours we wandered around trying to find the others, but you see we had moved; soaking wet, caked in mud, and not a bite the whole time, with only shell-hole water to keep us going. Ultimately I made up my mind to travel where I knew our details were, and there to report.

"I was," he continues, "within 30 yards of our objective when we ran into our Divisional General. He asked me what I was doing, and I explained what had happened. Result: I was put under arrest for being absent from the line without permission. That was on April 8th, and from the moment of my arrest *I was not allowed to write or to receive any letters.* At the Court-Martial on April 22nd there were in all four witnesses, including two N.C.O.s from my section, who bore out all I had said and gave me a good character. If ever a prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the doubt I think I was. Note: At the end of 36 hours I am still in my own area and still in battle order, yet I am charged with absence and found guilty of desertion. I am sentenced to death (quite funny when you've shaken hands with him once or twice); this is commuted to five years' hard labour, and eventually I land in No. 5 Military Prison. I will not dwell on my life in that place. My mother and wife worked hard for me. Thank God, they knew I was no coward. Eventually they got my case before Sir Douglas Haig and he ordered my release at once. That brings me to November 18th. But things must be done in military fashion these days, and I have a suspended sentence hanging over my head. With the proclamation of peace I believe the King's pardon will wash it out, but that is not good enough for me. I want a Court of Inquiry, and 'Deserter' has got to be taken off my papers. But Tommy's hardest fight of all is to get justice from the military."

AN UNJUST SYSTEM.

And in our view this soldier has a right to demand that inquiry. On the face of it, there is something very wrong somewhere. How comes it that a man who is first of all sentenced to death, is next given five years' hard labour, and then, through the mercy of the gallant Field-Marshal beloved of the whole Army, is set at liberty? We repeat, and we shall continue to insist, that the system of Courts-Martial is open to the gravest injustices, and that things have been done in the Army—and in the Navy for that matter—under which innocent men have been grossly victimised without, so far, the smallest chance of redress. The young officer who was shot at dawn went to his death without any of his family knowing a word about his trial and sentence. Notice that in the present case the soldier was not permitted any communication with the outside world. The commonest criminal is allowed, and even given, legal assistance. But because a man, instead of being a murderer or a burglar, happens to be a British soldier, he is denied even the rudiments of justice, and under the narrow and merciless Army system may go to his death without his cries for help being heard.

A "PLEASANT SURPRISE."

You will remember then when JOHN BULL pleaded in the case of "Shot at Dawn" that a condemned man should know, not the night before, but well before, the day appointed for his shooting, the Army authorities urged that it was more merciful to take him by surprise. If he knew well in advance the awful fate in store for him he might conceivably appeal to his friends, and then there would be a chance of saving a victim from the grim machine of heartless officialdom. When the broken-hearted parents of that young officer, shot on the evidence of a discredited man, wanted to see the minutes of the Court-Martial, Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, gave the ironic answer that they could not be produced without the consent of the accused. *And the accused was lying in his narrow grave* "somewhere in France"! This new case calls for enquiry—and men versed in the law, with the accused protected by the law, should be appointed to see fair play. Character, liberty, life itself are things too precious to be made the sport of an outworn and unjust system. Under present methods no man is certain of justice. The King's Regulations must be not only a code of discipline, but a code of mercy and a guarantee of fair trial.

TOUTING FOR A TESTIMONIAL.

PRESENTATION TO A MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME

According to a typed paper before us, Mr. Norman P. Hamley is an S.S.O. This must not be misread for D.S.O., for Mr. Hamley has not been to the front, but has enjoyed a snug, safe berth with H.M. Inspection Bond at Willesden Lane, London. The paper referred to sets out:—"As a token of esteem and appreciation of the untiring and successful efforts Mr. Hamley has made for the more efficient and smoother working of this Depot ever since he came here in July, 1917, you are invited to join in the above presentation. Mr. Hamley is leaving us on December 16th, 1918, in order to return to his pre-war work at Plymouth." This form of "sub-ing" among employees is only too common. It is usually quite out of place and unwarranted, and the present instance seems to be a case in point. Mr. Hamley, S.S.O., has, for something under eighteen months, been out of the war and in a post" under Government," where, according to the paper, he has satisfactorily done the work he was well-paid to do. Nothing more is claimed on his behalf by the promoters of this precious testimonial, except that he is going back to Plymouth to resume his comfortable business there. Why he should be testimonialised because of his great good luck passes comprehension. The worst feature of such collecting enterprises is that a man who fails to subscribe is often marked for the default, and may find himself high up on the list for the order of discharge. The planners of this testimonial business show no reason for the move, which is as ill-considered as it is impertinent. Mr. Hamley may be a nice man, but it is cheek to ask workpeople to make him a handsome present because he has not seen service.

SOLDIERS AND THE POOR LAW.

REDEEMING OUR PLEDGE TO THE DISCHARGED.

Here is the kind of thing that we have sworn to expose and denounce as often as it is brought to our notice: At a recent meeting of the Narberth (South Wales) Board of Guardians, it was announced by the Master of the Workhouse that an epileptic and discharged soldier had been "brought in by the Relieving Officer." To their credit be it said that several members of the Board at once uttered angry protests. There was some suggestion that the poor fellow had lost his memory, but the Clerk who had addressed the enquiry proper in such cases to the Special Medical Board in London had received only this reply: "There is no trace of the above-named man ever having been seen by the Special Medical Board. We regret that we cannot furnish you with any information concerning him." So the man was not in the workhouse because he was not responsible for his movements; he was reduced to these straits because after 294 days' service with the R.E.s he had been discharged without a pension, although, on account of his unhappy epileptic condition, he was quite unfit for regular work. Unfortunately, such cases are less rare than they should be. At Barrow the other day a very similar incident was under consideration by the Board of Guardians—a man who, after many months' service in the Air Force, had been released for shipyard employment, having become an inmate of the Workhouse Infirmary. In this case also it was decided to report the facts to the War Office, the Chairman remarking that if this sort of thing were to continue, "it would be nothing less than a national scandal." It would, indeed, be a national shame and dishonour. But wait till Parliament opens!

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

A DISCHARGED SOLDIER AND HIS RATES.

Already it is beginning. The man who has fought and suffered is to be neglected and forgotten. Not if we know it! It is bad enough to know that discharged soldiers can be driven to end their days in the workhouse because they have no pension. That is a scandal. But it is a criminal shame that a discharged soldier should be in gaol for rates. We give the facts as related to us by the Secretary of the Clerkenwell Branch of the Street Traders' (Costers') Association. Frederick Chambers was a small stallkeeper in the Farringdon Road. Like a good citizen, he was a Territorial, and when war broke out he was mobilised and he served until this year. He is 48, he has two sons in the Army, and a daughter in the Women's Army. When he returned to his home discharged from the King's fighting forces, he found there was £40 owing for rates. His wife had found it difficult to make ends meet. Appeals to the authorities were disregarded. Chambers has been sent to gaol for two months. Dickens, in his splendid fight against imprisonment for debt, never imagined such a case as this. There is a fiction that to-day gaol for debt has been abolished—they imprison *now* for "disobeying the order of the Court"! Germany is to pay only to the "limit of her capacity" for all the crimes and horrors she has wrought. They don't ask poor Chambers to pay to the limit of *his* capacity; they just clap him into prison and so make it impossible for him to earn any money at all. At Brixton Gaol—that is the reward of a soldier. But if there is warm blood in the hearts of our readers, we know this—that at Christmastime the home fires will be burning for Frederick Chambers yet!

CRUELTY OR HONOUR?

A SOLDIER'S PLEA FOR HIS "LONG-FACED CHUM."

After the Boer War a fine monument was erected at Port Elizabeth to the four-footed soldiers killed in that campaign. Lovers of horses will appreciate the sentiment that inspired that tribute; yet to-day we find it necessary to plead for decent and humane treatment for the poor animals who have been worn out, blinded, and maimed in the present war. What is actually happening? Our information is that thousands of horses for which the Army has no further use are being cruelly slaughtered to make food for Hun prisoners. Here is the story as it reaches us from a soldier in the Cape Auxiliary Horse Transport serving in France:—

> Hundreds of our poor, worn-out, sick, and wounded horses are being slaughtered here each week at the abattoirs to feed these German brutes. I think that it is a damned shame. I quite think that worn-out and badly-hurt animals should be destroyed, but in a humane manner by shooting. There is no terror in that, but to make a horse face the horrors of a French slaughter house is wrong; it is cruel. I have witnessed them being led or rather forced in, and the sight haunts me. I never thought it of the Army, and I am sure a great many people at home have no idea of it. Moreover, I am certain that very little is wrong with many of the horses that are killed.

We print this letter exactly as it reaches us, sympathising fully with the writer's indignation. Such treatment of war horses is a scandal, and it needs little imagination to conjure up the horrors of the scene. Our informant adds a touch of irony to the description by stating that horses unfit to walk are conveyed to the slaughter-house in ambulances provided by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A CALLOUS OFFICIAL.

MERCILESS LAW FOR A WORKING WOMAN.

Mr. T. F. Tunna is Executive Officer to the Oswestry Food Control Committee; also he is a private landlord, and in this latter capacity he shines like a lump of lampblack. In one of his cottages there was a widow with two children, eking out a living by taking lodgers. Suddenly Mr. Tunna made up his mind that he wanted this particular house for his own occupation, so he served the widow with notice to quit. Exactly what Mr. Tunna wanted the cottage for is not very clear. In his first letter he had the cheek to say that he wanted to "store furniture in it, not having anywhere else to put it," although later on he changed his tune, talking about living in the place himself. Anyway, he troubled himself very little about the poor widow's difficulties. In Oswestry, as in so many other places, there is an acute house famine, and for the woman to find another place suitable for her boarders, upon whom she depended for a living, was a practical impossibility. Nevertheless, the landlord went to the length of issuing a summons against her, and the widow was ordered by the Magistrates to get out in 28 days. The unhappy woman, faced with the entire loss of her livelihood, spent the whole of this time in fruitless searching, the only place offered by the landlord being utterly unsuitable for her purpose. Finally, her quest having utterly failed, the police—ashamed, as they confessed, of their harsh duty—"carried out their instructions," and directed the removal of the woman's household goods. So Mr. Tunna had his way, but no one will envy him. Upon a minor point, may we suggest to this callous official that he should not in future use the notepaper of the Food Control Committee, furnished at the public expense, for his private correspondence? It comes cheaper, of course, but it is not quite honest, and for some time to come Mr. Tunna will need to keep up a show of decency, if only to cover the traces of harsh action.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON "What the CHURCH MUST do for the SOLDIER"

APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN NEXT SUNDAY'S National News

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THE LAND FOR THE SOLDIERS?

SERVICE MAN FINED FOR UNCAUGHT CONIES.

In the olden times, land was held in return for military service. Nowadays, in return for military service they *talk* about giving some land to some soldiers. And meanwhile? Meanwhile, men who have fought for their country throughout the war are fined for "trespassing on the land in search of conies." In the case before us, two labourers were charged with this heinous offence, and one of them, a labourer of 27, named Thomas James, has served in the Army for four years, and has only just come home. In consideration of his gallant services, the Chairman of the Bench at Caerphilly fined him 10s. instead of the sovereign the other man had to pay. Now we are of opinion that to summon and fine any man just now because he goes on to somebody's land with a ferret to catch conies (*we* call them rabbits) is monstrous. We want all the food we can get, and ferreting is a very economical way of getting it. "There was nothing in the house for my wife and child," said Thomas James, "and I thought there would be no harm in getting a rabbit for them." We should think not. Would the landlord—Lord Tredegar—have gone short because one of the thousands of wild rabbits which forgather in his estate went to feed a hungry woman and a hungry child? Of course not! But Lord Tredegar's bailiff would say: "It's the principle." Yes, confound it! It's the principle *we're* after. And the principle's rotten. But when you remember that James is an ex-soldier with four years' service behind, the thing becomes a crying shame. He fought to make certain that land should be British land instead of Hunland; and now, while politicians are swearing to give him a share in that land, he is being fined for coursing over it with a ferret. If James doesn't get that ten shillings refunded, we shall know what to think of the land scheme.

WOES OF THE WAACS.

MAGISTERIAL LESSON FOR COMMANDANTS.

It does not at all astonish us that the advocate for the defence in the prosecution by the Army authorities of the Sisters Jackson, two members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps stationed at Goole, declared to the local Magistrates that he had received letters from Waacs all over the country complaining of improper treatment and insufficiency of food. We have given publicity and emphasis to a number of these complaints ourselves. Without question, the girls in many camps and billets are badly mistreated in various ways. These two girls deserted for the express purpose of showing-up their grievances in public. They complained—and from so much as was admitted by the prosecution, complained with justification—of gross mistreatment. At Sheffield, they were put with a number of other girls into a filthy house which had been closed for nine years. Transferred from Sheffield to Gateshead, they were sent into a workhouse which had been closed on account of infectious diseases, and were there ordered, but refused, to sleep in beds which had been recently occupied by girls suffering from scabies. Admittedly, it is essential to maintain discipline in the Army, among women not less than among men; but is there anybody with even a modicum of common sense and decent feeling who will for an instant doubt that these girls did well in the circumstances to "escape at midnight" and show up the scandal? It is monstrous that anyone should be faced with the alternative of putting-up with such things or deserting the Corps. In deciding that the prisoners—an ugly word—"had a lawful reason to leave on the evidence submitted," the Magistrates took the right measure of the merits of the case. The decision is one which should serve all those in positions of command in the W.A.A.C. as a sharp, necessary lesson.

FROM WESTMINSTER TO

M.P. for Tommy and Jack, and the M[illegible]

By THE

IT was in the early days of January, 1906, that—after a previous unsuccessful assault upon the South Hackney fortress, when in my "salad days," running as an orthodox Liberal and being only just "beaten on the post," when the fortunes of that Party were at their lowest ebb—I entered the House of Commons as an Independent Democrat, with one of the largest majorities in London, defeating the representatives of the two official Parties. I sat there till May, 1912, during which time I think I may claim I wore down all personal prejudice and misunderstanding, and secured a footing in the House such as has not been enjoyed by any Private Member in recent years. During all that time, however, I was harassed by a thousand financial troubles, arising, out of my old connection with the City—and much of my time was spent in the Law Courts. In the Spring of 1912 matters reached a climax, and I felt bound for my own peace of mind to seek temporary respite from these anxieties by invoking the aid of the Court for the protection of my estate. Very large sums of money were involved; but that did not frighten me—always provided I could secure the necessary breathing time to grapple with the situation. These steps necessitated my retirement from the House—where I had made many friends, and, I honestly believe, no enemies. But it was not without a pang that I formally applied for what is called the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and in due course received my "appointment" from the present Prime Minister, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. This post is supposed to come within the definition of "an office of profit under the Crown," and its acceptance enabled me to get over the Constitutional rule that a Member of Parliament, once elected, cannot resign his seat. Whether or not I am still Steward, I cannot say. I believe it is the custom for the holder of this particular "portfolio" to relinquish it immediately after appointment, to make room for others. As a matter of fact, however, I have never resigned—although I am bound to say that no "profit" or emolument of any kind has yet accrued to me! Technically, therefore, for the past six years I have been the holder of office under the Crown, and if I have given no particular personal attention to the work of my department and have failed to master its details, I do not know that that specially distinguishes me from some of my late colleagues in the Government!

Back in my old Seat.

And now we are at the end of 1918, and although the result of the South Hackney Election will not be officially declared until the end of next week, I think it may safely be assumed that the re-assembling of Parliament will find me back in my old seat. Elsewhere I have speculated as to whether I shall permanently remain there—a Party all to myself—or whether, as Member for the Man-in-the-Street and Tommy and Jack, I may be tempted to ally myself with any really independent group of Members pledged to clean and honest politics, and intelligent support, rather than blind obedience, of the Coalition Government. But wherever, and with whomever, I sit, *that* will be my rôle. For nearly seven years I have had to depend entirely on the power of the pen and of the platform for the promulgation of those principles of Business Government and true patriotism which I have been preaching, and for the remedying of a shoal of grievances and wrongs. On the whole, I have every cause to be satisfied with the work I have accomplished, but if only I had possessed a voice in Parliament, I think I could have achieved infinitely more. But better late than never! After all, my political vintage of 1906 has had ample time to mature. And every connoisseur of vintages will tell you that 1906 was *the* year *par excellence*. It will not, therefore, be with me a case of new wine in old bottles. I shall take to the House an enlarged and riper experience, based upon nearly seven years' personal knowledge of the working of Parliament.

M.P. for Tommy and Jack.

No one who followed the course of the General Election would deny the power of the Press. Recall how faint was the voice of the politician on many matters close to the hearts of the electors, and how, as JOHN BULL, followed by other journals, enforced such demands as punishment for the Kaiser, full indemnities and clearing out the Hun, the Prime Minister and his colleagues slowly came into line. Before polling day that small voice had grown into one great chorus, and if there is anything written in bold letters in the mandate Mr. Lloyd George will take to the Peace Table, it is those three Points. Well, that shows you what the Press can do. But there is a limit to that power of the Press—and where that limit ends the power of Parliament begins. And that is why, as M.P. for Tommy and Jack, I am looking forward to bringing to fulfilment a hundred things which cannot be finally dealt with without the "punch" of Parliament. Throughout the war this journal has received more than a quarter of a million letters raising the just grievances of the soldier, setting forth difficulties, calling for help, and often for material assistance. Not one of these letters has gone unanswered. In hundreds of cases justice has been secured, pensions and allowances have been improved, and in countless ways the lot of the sailor and soldier and their dependents has been made easier because of the influence we have been able to bring to bear upon the authorities.

Interviews with Lord Derby.

Let me give away a little secret. I know my good friend, Lord Derby, who is representing us with so much success in Paris, will not mind my lifting the veil. When he was at the War Office I used to have a standing appointment for a weekly interview. At that meeting the most serious cases of grievance and hardship were personally discussed. Often Lord Derby had only the official view to guide him; very often I was able to convince him that my view was the right one, and in that way difficulties were smoothed over and legitimate grievances removed. It was not because of personal friendship that those meetings, productive of so much good, were held—it was because the Secretary of State for War realised the patriotic motives and the powerful influence of JOHN BULL; and because he knew that its one object was to see justice done, and by removing real causes of complaint, help to maintain that splendid spirit, alike in the Navy and in the Army, which ultimately carried us to Victory. And apropos of the influence of JOHN BULL, let me quote from a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*—not because it flatters us—we prefer the praise of the under-dog, of "the Man-in-the Street," to anything that our journalist contemporaries may write about us; I quote it because I want to say something about its absolute misconception of this journal's work:

> JOHN BULL is "the soldier's friend" *par excellence*. The influence of this journal is only short of phenomenal. . . . . and why? Because in its pages Tommy is not treated as a blatant hero crying aloud for German blood, but as a man who, though he has certain duties to perform, possesses nevertheless certain rights which JOHN BULL intends unflinchingly to protect in the face of all the powers-that-be: because it flatters him as a rational man, and champions—or seems to champion—his cause at the expense of any and every institution, however much it may hitherto have been hallowed by tradition. Given the present-day psychological mood of the citizen-soldier, and his determination never again to be ruthlessly exploited as he was in the past, it must be admitted that this intensely influential and popular journal can exercise by entering into Tommy's mood and by feeding it injudiciously and with a scant regard as to consequences, an appreciable influence on coming events, even to the extent of pointing the way to social troubles more disastrous even than would be an unsatisfactory issue of the War.

You notice the suggestion that we feed Tommy's "mood" injudiciously and that our influence is in the direction of fomenting disastrous social troubles. How false; how blind a reading of the purpose of this journal! Others sit on the safety valve of a free expression of feeling, whether of the soldier or the civilian, at the risk of causing an explosion of pent-up grievances and troubles. We open the safety valve by offering a free outlet for thought and

) CAREY ST.—AND BACK.

...n-in-the-Street—Our Parliamentary Bureau.

...TOR.

opinion—for the exposure of cruelty and injustice, of hardship and unfair dealing. No sensible person could ever accuse us of fomenting trouble. We prevent it; and it is because of the trust reposed in this journal and in me by Tommy and Jack and the Man-in-the-Street that I have been given a title of which I am really proud, "the unofficial Prime Minister."

My Parliamentary Bureau.

Well, it is in that capacity that I return to the House of Commons, determined first of all to bring to the notice of Parliament those scandals both in the Navy and in the Army which have been brought into the light in JOHN BULL, and at the same time to make it my business to deal in the House, and by direct challenge to Ministers of the Crown, with every fresh case that comes within my knowledge. In order to carry out my Parliamentary duties with the best results to my readers and to make myself in the fullest sense the National M.P., I am adding yet another to the many working departments of this journal. I have decided to set up the JOHN BULL Parliamentary Bureau, for dealing with any and everything which is a fit subject for action in the House. Moreover, I shall week by week give an account of my work in Parliament, so that my constituents both in South Hackney and that even wider area covered by the immense circulation of this journal may be able to watch the course of events and note how by action in the House it is possible to complete work begun in the Press. There will be a lot to do, but it shall be done. As I have said, there are many grievous scandals arising out of the war, which will demand my immediate attention. Those cruelly inadequate Courts-martial Regulations, under which decent fellows have been sentenced to death and shot without proper trial or chance of appeal, will have to go—I will be no party to the continuance of a system which denies to the soldier that measure of justice which is given to the ordinary civilian.

Root and Branch Alterations.

The reforms promised as a result of my exposure of the system in "Shot at Dawn" do not go far enough. We will have a root and branch alteration in the King's Regulations. Tommy is not mere "cannon fodder"; he is a human being and has a right to be treated as one. And then there is the grave scandal of dismissing a fine young officer from the Navy on perjured evidence. That injustice must be removed; there must be a new Inquiry, his honour re-established and his losses made good. And so I could go on recalling what has happened during the war, and piling up the record of the work I shall have to do when once more I take the oath and my seat in the House. I quite recognise that several other members, while I have been absent from Westminster, have done their best to help the soldier and the sailor. The late Sir Arthur Markham was a stalwart defender of their rights. He it was who forced the Cornwallis-West scandal into the light, while I focussed public attention on the infamous treatment of a young soldier by "The Wicked Woman of Wales," and more recently denounced two aristocratic perverts who corrupted a young Private, and compelled the Public Prosecutor to take action. They have now gone to hard labour. Then, too, Mr. Hogge has played a splendid part in helping to get for Tommy and his dependents proper financial recognition by the State. If either of these fighting M.P.s had had a journal like JOHN BULL at his back, how much more he would have been able to do! So you see my power is great, and it makes my responsibility greater. I want every soldier and sailor, every wife and widow, every working man, every middle-class family in the land, to know that they have in me a friend whose friendship does not begin and end with profession, but who is willing and determined to use his influence in Parliament to the utmost extent, for the common good. But, after all, my functions as Member for Tommy and Jack will be but a feature, if a big one, of my work. When we have abolished the old red-tape Regulations which have hitherto made the soldier a caste apart from the general body of the people, and have made—as we must do—adequate provision for the comfort of those—whether as fighting men or dependents—who have suffered in the war, our next thoughts must turn to what are called the problems of Reconstruction.

M.P. for the Man-in-the-Street.

And here will come my work as Member for the Man-in-the-Street. First and foremost there must be a just and relentless Peace Treaty. But for the pressure of public opinion—led, I think I may say, by this journal—we should not now be hearing anything either about Indemnity, the trial of the Kaiser, or the repatriation of enemy aliens. In the same way, we must get rid of this bogey about the "freedom of the seas," about economic unity amongst the nations, and several other of President Wilson's Points. *We must also have back Heligoland.* Until these matters are disposed of it is useless talking about Reconstruction. And, personally, I do not intend to be camouflaged in regard to them. After that, we will come to the questions of Health and Housing; International Trade; Education, in the true sense of the word; adequate provision for Old Age—and all the rest of it. But even these matters, vital as they are, must be preceded by a sane and sensible scheme of Demobilisation. I observe that the Government is apparently opposed to the idea of an army of occupation in Berlin. There, in my opinion, Ministers are altogether wrong. The Hun is a wily creature; he has not yet commenced to demobilise his army—and only the actual and visible presence of superior force will keep him to his bargain in the Terms of Peace. It would be money well spent—the maintenance of a strong army of occupation—even if we don't ultimately get it back from Germany; at the same time it would relieve the pressure upon the industrial market and simplify to a large extent the problem of employment when the khaki uniform is discarded for civilian garb. But, as I have explained in other articles, we must first get back from Germany and her allies the entire cost of the war, and after that we can, by means of a great Peace Loan, foster a variety of productive undertakings which, being mainly for the benefit of posterity, may well be left to be paid for by it—with the security of the national credit in the meantime.

"Dora" Must Disappear.

We must also at the earliest possible moment abolish all those vexatious "Dora" Regulations to which we have willingly submitted under the pretext of war necessity—although many of them have been nothing more or less than insidious attempts on the part of the cranks and faddists to undermine our liberties and revolutionise our social habits and customs. Then, too, there will be the great problem of Food. Never again must we be dependent upon foreign supplies. Whatever the cost, we must encourage a revival of British agriculture, with national granaries in which will be stored at least two years' supplies of wheat and other cereals; we must also have a complete system of Cold Storage for the preservation of meat—whilst the fishing industries must also be put upon a sound and safe basis. Poultry and dairy-farming, too, must be encouraged, so that we do not have to rely upon overseas supplies for articles of food which with a little State assistance could be produced here in abundance. To those theorists who tell me that these ideas are contrary to the sound principles of Political Economy I say—Throw away your text-books, and remember there is such a thing as national and imperial insurance! All forms of profiteering—especially in regard to foodstuffs—must be rigorously suppressed. A fair profit upon the employment of capital, and a fair wage for the worker, must be our motto—then Capital and Labour, instead of being as at present in opposite camps, would become partners. But just as employers must be forbidden to exploit the labour of their workmen for undue gain, so must the workmen on their part raise production to its maximum degree. And thus I could continue. I have, however, said sufficient to indicate that I enter upon my new activities with a sense of deep responsibility. I shall require all the public support I can possibly obtain, but with this behind me I am hopeful that before another General Election comes round, South Hackney will have vindicated its wisdom in having once more sent me back to Parliament to serve my Country and my King.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

That Christmas Leave:—Christmas leave, extended to twelve days, has been promised by the authorities. It is a pity that few but Infantry men can obtain it. We have been snowed under by letters and telegrams from men of the R.A.M.C., Remounts, etc., complaining that they are left out of the benefit. Naturally hospital men must attend to their hospitals, and those in the Pay Corps and in charge of horses must also remain on duty. But they should get an extra day's pay for each day's leave lost—this is the very least measure of justice which can be accorded to them.

How Did It End?:—The other day twenty-eight soldiers of the F Coy., 3rd Battalion East Surreys, at Drumcaldy, Windygates, Fife, kicked vigorously on account of the common complaint—lack of decent food. They refused to do any parades until properly fed, and were placed under arrest. We want to know what has happened to them. Later we shall have something further to say. By the way, the Company in question had other grievances.

Hide Them Away:—Recently nearly three hundred men, many of them wearing the Mons ribbon and all of whom had seen three and a half years' continuous service in the firing line, were sent back to England, stated to be for a six months' rest. They got fourteen days' leave, during which they were ordered to Colchester and Ipswich. Then the authorities seemed to think that they should not be exposed to the public gaze, and sent them to the wilds of Wales, their camps being miles away from civilisation. We can quite understand why the men are on their hind legs and roaring.

Demobilisation Deception:—About sixty B3 men were picked out of the labour crowd at Peckham, and told that they were for demobilisation, and would be civilians in less than a fortnight. They were sent to Wimbledon, but instead of being released to civil life found that they were actually for camp duties, and will probably be kept upon them until demobilisation is completed. We vouch for it that there is a good chance of a row among the fellows.

A Legitimate Demand:—Ex-soldiers employed as temporary clerks in the Ministry of Munitions and other Government offices are rather nervous concerning the cutting down of the staffs. There appears to be a tendency to keep the women and discharge the ex-Service men, who naturally demand that while there is a temporary employee who has not served, or a female clerk in the office, no discharged man shall be dismissed. We intend to watch this matter, and shall have more to say upon it.

The Gratuity:—Tommies who were out wonder who is responsible for adjusting the differences of gratuity as between the Home Service and the fighting men. They consider that if he had been out and heard even one whizz-bang, he would have had a better idea of simple justice. In this we agree.

"JACK."

A Squeezed Orange:—A man named Pitt was discharged a few days ago from the Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham. He was given civilian clothing, the trousers of which were terribly deficient. Had the man appeared in the streets in them, the police would have arrested him for indecency. An inquiry should promptly be held into so disgraceful an affair.

Money for Nothing:—We have a copy of Royal Marine Artillery Divisional Orders, which wind up with the following paragraph: "Situation:—Wanted, a man and his wife to undertake the entire indoor duties (including cooking, ordinary house duties and waiting at table) of a house. Wages £40 a year for the couple. A man with some previous experience as an Officer's servant preferred. There is no outdoor work required, as a gardener and coachman are kept. For further details apply to F. E. Blagg, Esq., Westmark, Petersfield." We wonder whose money Mr. Blagg is recklessly throwing away.

Barred!:—The Second Light Cruiser Squadron is now at Cromarty, in order that night leave may be granted to the men. Jack hailed the order with delight, but pulled a long face when he found that all refreshment houses, picture palaces, theatres and dances were closed to him. And this after his four years' vigil in the North Sea!

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldier's organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Not Fair:—The Port of London Authority have granted an increase to transport workers in the London Docks and in other cases—but the Police Pensioners, some of whom are Badgers, are debarred the increase. There is naturally much discontent on this account, and it is quite possible that the men will strike.

Once More the Post Office;—The Post Office is still looking for trouble. One of the employees who faced the Hun, and was wounded, wrote regarding the help to which he considered he was entitled, and received the following reply: "I very much regret to say that the Government has decided that pensions should be stopped from the sick pay of invalided soldiers and sailors until such time as they have performed a month's full-time work." The Badgers' branch has protested against this decision, being fortified by their solicitor's opinion that it is illegal.

Congratulations:—We congratulate the girl clerks at the St. Pancras Food Office who downed their pens over the threatened discharge of an ex-soldier who was about to be kicked out owing to a reduction of the staff. We should like those girls to go round some of the discharged men's organisations, and ginger them up.

From Wandsworth:—The following letter voices a genuine grievance:—"My complaint against the L.C.C. (Parks Department) is that I was dismissed after two years and two months service, owing to a reduction of staff, whilst a man taken on just previous still remains in their employ and doing the same sort of work. As I am an old soldier and volunteered in this present war, and the other man has done nothing, I think this is unfair treatment, and if they were overstaffed it does not reflect great credit on the management to take a new man on and discharge an older servant, without any complaint against him." We commend this matter to the London County Council.

His Thanks:—Mr. Ersser, a man as British as any Briton, was recently insulted by the War Pensions Committee at Kennington Lane, who told him that he was an alien. Mr. Ersser himself served in the Army, and in the present war had five brothers, two uncles, three cousins, and two nephews. Two have been killed in action, and others discharged owing to wounds or ill-health. What have the male members of this Committee done in the war?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Fatherless Kiddies:—A soldier's widow is unable properly to provide for her three young children, owing to ill-health. She has had them down with sickness on several occasions, and one is still delicate and in need of special diet which the mother could not afford.

From Bad to Worse:—A sailor's wife had her two children ill for months, whilst she herself was also laid up—this causing much expense for doctor's bills, etc. Our timely aid prevented unpleasant developments.

Predicament:—An old reservist, wounded and discharged from the present war, is laid down with pneumonia and heart trouble. His pension of 10s. 3d. a week will not suffice for his needs, and as he has a child also to care, for his case received our prompt attention.

The 'Flu.—The epidemic continues to prove a great tax upon our Fund. Scores of sufferers—soldiers' wives and children—have been relieved during the past few days, and the cry, unfortunately, is "Still they come!"

Christmas Cheer:—There was great distress in a soldier's family of eight children, all of whom were very poorly clad. The mother is at present unable to work and supplement her Army allowance, which she finds inadequate for the necessities of the hearty youngsters. The father is still in France—so we sent the means for providing cosy garments.

Jack's Widow:—Seven children under the age of fourteen are left to be cared for by the widow of a merchant seaman, who is practically penniless. Her savings are exhausted, and she is eager to get to work to keep her little home together; but in order to do so she required her fare to London from a distant part.

To Our Generous Supporters:—On reviewing the year's work in connection with our war sufferers, we are gratified to note the large number of homes into which we have been the medium of introducing at least a little happiness to replace misery and want. The letters of thanks we receive from the beneficiaries show the lively gratitude which they feel for our readers' kind interest and help. We are sure we voice their feelings when we wish all subscribers a peaceful Christmas and a happy New Year.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"In Memory of John," 10s.; Mrs. E. H. (Leigh), 1s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Mrs. S. (Gillingham), 1s.; "Well-wisher of Sidcup," 5s.; W. R. C. (Marlow), 5s.; M. C. R., 5s.; A. W. M. (Brotton), 1s.; H. C., 7d.; J. J., 1s. 3d.; H. L. (B.E.F.), 2s. 7d; T. H. (Stafford), 2s.; W. S. (Hammersmith), 1s.; C. C. (Southampton), 1s. 5d.; Mrs. S. N. (Devonport), 2s.; C. N. W. (Port Said), £1; "Leonora," 5s.; Mrs. E. M. W. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; W. J. B. (Tilbury Docks), £5; R. L. W. (Sheffield), £1; H. H. E. (Australia), 4s. 2d.; A. E. W., 5s.; Mrs. F. G. (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; S. F. (Leicester), 3s. 5d.; Mr. W. (Bristol), 2s.; Pte. E. T., 1s. 11d.; Mrs. W. S. (Glasgow), 2s.; "Rae," 10s.; C. C. (E. Norwood), 2s. 6d.; "Pte., Royal West Kent," 5s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; C. E. H. (Jalpaiguri), £2 2s.; M. S., 2s.; "Jerry," 5s.; "Widow" (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; "Assistant Steward, Mercantile Marine," 10s.; S. W. (Abereynon), 5s.; D.V.B. (Lincoln), 10s.; W. S. (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; J. M. (Queenstown), 2s. 6d.; "Bunny," £1; M. H., £1; "Titan," 10s.; "Mrs. Ten" (Nottingham), 1s.; T. R., 3d.; Sgt. S. P., 3s. 5d.; W. G. B. (Jersey), 4s. 6d.; Pte. J. W. J., 2s. 11d.; Mrs. A. P. (Bilston), 10s.; "Eldew" (Grimsby), 11s.; "A Soldier from France," 2s. 6d.; Pte. P. D. (Aldershot), 5s.; C. S. (Wood Green), 5s.; J. B. (Preston), 1s.; G. A. B. (Cheriton), 6d.; P. G. L. W. (B.E.F.), 10s.; Miss A. B. (Hull), 6d.; A. S. (Australia), 14s. 3d.; H. B. (Southport), 2s.; "Sergts.' Mess, B/68 F.A.B., E.E. Force" (per H. B. G.), £5 2s. 7d.; J. M. (Harwich), 5s.; Anon. (Liverpool), 1s.; "Mother of Seven," 2s. 6d.; K. B. (Bristol), 2s.; J. P. W. (Penoombe), 5s.; "Simply Anywhere," £2 10s.; R. H. C. (Littleport), 2s.; Miss K. (Boscombe), 2s.; "Dobbie," £1 1s.; M. M. (Devonport), 1s.; M. G. (Colorado), £1 15s. 6d.; Master, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Trinculo*, £9 5s.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; J. S., 1s.; "Kat's Rye," 1s.; C. W. H. (Plumstead), 3s.; Mrs. E. G. (Petersfield), 2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS FUND.

P. S. (Gibraltar), 4s.; J. B. (London, W.), 5s.; "A Boiling Boader," 6s.

THE FLOWING TIDE OF PELMANISM.

10,000 ENROLMENTS IN A MONTH!

"PEACE, PELMANISM AND PROSPERITY."

The coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!

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Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*: one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position; to increase efficiency, to economise time and work; to develop more ability; to broaden experience, and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit; the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 *per cent.*, 200 *per cent.*, *and even* 300 *per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.*

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to everyone to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

SALARY DOUBLED IN 3 MONTHS.

REMARKABLE LETTERS.

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by *results*. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE PRICE.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

"RESULTS ARE WONDERFUL."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly *no pen can express one little of the value the Course really is.* What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through *two lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:

"I admit having read your announcement for some 10 years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values.

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say: Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the Course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay."

Such a letter from a business man surely shows that Pelmanism is at least as good as—if not better than—its claims. And that is the opinion of many students. The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published, but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

CONSIDER THESE POINTS.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, *and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."*

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of JOHN BULL *who applies to The Pelman Institute,* 15, *Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.*1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, *Market Street, Melbourne;* 15, *Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Good arfternoon, sir. Pleased to see you lookin' so well arter the election. . . . *Do I know 'oo you are?* Well, I *oughter*—considerin'. Apart from knowin' you in times gorn by, I've seen yore face more orfen in the papers the larst fortnight—barrin' Mister Lloyd George's, p'raps—then ennybody else's. Wot kin I do for yer? *Jest a very careful trim?* Right chew are, sir. I won't take too much orf, don' chew worry. I notice you wears yore 'air fairly long, sir, like the Prime Minister's and others, although it aint exackly the fashion. But it soots you as you 'ave it. It ain't extreme, as you may say. Not like a party's wot I 'ad in 'ere the other mornin'. 'Is wosn't 'arf long, I give yer my word. And 'e was in a dooce of a n'urry. Sed 'e wanted to catch the train to 'Ackney. So p'raps you caught sight of 'im down there, sir. Some of 'is thatch was missin' 'ere an' there, sir—looked as if 'e might 'ave bin cuttin' orf locks to give 'is lady friends fur keepsakes. 'E was a bit of a character too. Never 'eard a bloke make so many puns in ten minutes, nor larf so loud at 'em, in me nachrel. 'E sed somethink about the 'idden 'and, but I didn't quite catch wot 'e sed. 'Is voice got caught and smothered in 'is 'air before it reached me, I fancy. But about this 'ere South 'Ackney election. I s'pose you reckon you've won it, sir? . . . *Wot do I think?* Well, I'm none too shore, sir. I 'ad a run down to 'Ackney meself one mornin', and if winder cards is any indication you've simply romped 'ome, with Mister Henri somew'eres right be'ind in the dim an' dusty distance. But wot I felt meself was this—Bottomley's too safe to be abserlootly secure, so ter speak. Practically everybody bein' in 'is favour, and knowin' everybody else to be the same, I thought to meself I shouldn't be surprised if a good many of yore supporters sed to themselves: "It's a dirty day; I shan't trouble to go to the pole. Good old Bottomley's safe enough without my vote." In which case you may pole some thousands less than you're entitled to. But I'm 'opin' fur the best. Still, I'm one o' them wot sometimes thinks it's dangerous to be safe. . . . *A Job's comforter*, am I? Well, p'raps I ain't none the worse friend fur thet, sir. I'm shore I wishes you well, sir, and I 'ope yore majority 'll be sich a big one thet the pork-brained, 'arf-gutted Party 'eads and pumpuritan killjoys'll think twice the next time before they enters a unknown, broken-winded hack to run against you. . . . *Don't believe in abusin' yore opponent?* Neether do I, sir. They're only terms of affection, as Dr. Johnson ses in his dictionary. I s'pose you'll sit in the corner seat below the gangway as usual, sir? And—my word!—I can see some interestin' readin' in the Parlyment'ry Debates if one or two lady candidates are returned as well as you! Mister Speaker looks like 'avin' the time of 'is life! . . . 'Ow'll thet do, sir? . . . Thank you; much obliged, I'm shore. Good-day, sir. . . . Well, if 'e ain't a caution! Never let on w'ether 'e thort 'e'd won or not! Never mind; shan't have long to wait to know definitely. My eye, won't there be goings on that night, and blow all the milksop restrictions! It's donkey's years since we had such a celebration, so we can't be blamed for letting ourselves go. Missie, see if you can find nine bob in the till; I'm going to try to lay in a bottle of the best which can be got nowadays in the way of a gargle, an' blow the expense!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NASHVILLE EVENING AMERICAN":—
"Allied diplomats would LOOT with favour on a group of small democracies in the heart of Europe."

"YORKSHIRE POST" (Advertisement):—
"Bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe, 24 ft. long WITH FIREPLACE in centre."

"CHEERFUL LIBRARY No. 580":—
"An hour after the discovery the DEAD woman was on her way home."

"PINDI MAIL" (Advertisement):—
"LOST.—Gold wristlet watch (NAMED NELLY)."

"FREE PRESS AND ECONOMIC ADVERTISER":—
"Sunday, December 1st, was the 24th BIRTHDAY of Queen Alexandra, the Queen-Mother."

"NORTH DEVON JOURNAL":—
"A pretty wedding took place on Thursday. . . . The PARENTS were numerous and useful."

"COURIER AND NEWS" (County Tyrone):—
"On Thursday morning last week a public mark of respect was paid to Mr. William M'Cann, of Fallaghernine, by a large number of young PIGS turning out armed with spades and at once started digging out Mr. M'Cann's large field of potatoes which was soon accomplished. In the evening the COMPANY were entertained."

"NORTH CAMBERWELL GENERAL ELECTION GUIDE":—
"Ass Meetings. On Friday, December 6th, and on Wednesday, December 11th, at the Old Kent Road Baths, Chief Speaker on Friday, December 6th: Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P."

"NEWARK ADVERTISER" (Advertisement):—
"Wanted, a boy to go errands and make himself useful. Also youth to MILK and wash MOTOR-CAR."

Lipton's Tea

If you want the best tea go to the firm that grows it.

LIPTON, LTD.—Head Office: City Rd., London, E.C.1.
The Largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Extract from THE TIMES *Dec. 10. 1918*

SCANDAL OF IMPURE MILK.

GOVERNMENT ACTION EXPECTED.

Meantime Use
NESTLÉ'S MILK
The Milk that is *always* Pure

Government Controlled Price
PER 1/2½ TIN

CHARRON, LTD.

The ordinary general meeting of Charron, Limited, was held on December 12th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Mr. Davison Dalziel, chairman of the company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that although the treaty of peace had not yet been signed, they might safely regard the war as at an end, so that it would be interesting to contrast the present position with that which the company had occupied at the beginning of the war.

It was evidence of the progressive strength of the company that, in spite of all adverse circumstances, the directors could place before the meeting resources available for the dividend, while carrying forward a sum practically equal to the previous year. The balance at profit and loss amounted to £60,678, and, as stated in the report, it was recommended that £15,703 should be appropriated to the payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent., free of tax, on the Ordinary shares, £10,000 to special depreciation reserve and £6,000 to Income-tax reserve, leaving £28,884 to be carried forward. He was not saying too much in expressing the opinion that their holding in the business of Laycock, Limited, constituted and would prove in the future one of the most valuable assets of the company. Friends of theirs had recently been given an opportunity of visiting those new works. They had expressed the opinion that the factory could be described as a model of its kind.

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure.

MY PIANO CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS are so lucid, interesting, and *absolutely effective* that in a few months you will play with spirit and feeling, from **ordinary music**, Songs, Dances, Marches, Hymns, and about all many of the immortal Gems of the Great Masters.

I guarantee success to any average person. Beginners *need not know a note to start.*

Send a postcard to-day for my illuminating book: "MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD," and see what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say my System has done for them, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

A Beginner:—"I have done very well with my first lesson. And if I get on as well with the rest, well—I may make a Paderewski—I don't think. I may say, at least, that I think I can read with the best learner for one month's study." (S.P.Q., London).

Give merely full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word **Moderate, Elementary** or **Beginner**, and I will send you my book, and form for free advice and opinion, by return.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

The

Daily Express

The Paper that gets the "Scoops."

Spinet

The SUPER

MIXTURE & CIGARETTES

1/11 for 2 oz. 20 for 1/4.

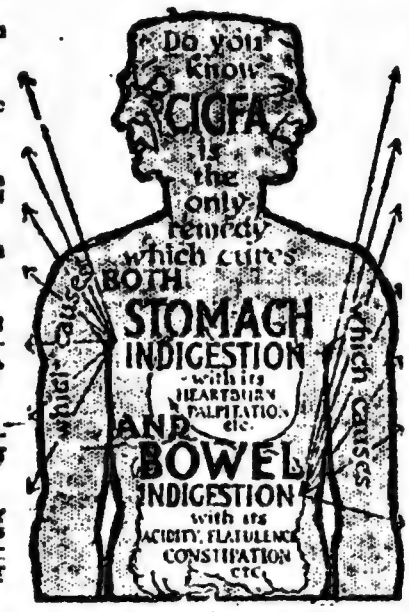
R & J. HILL LTD. LONDON.

MY DOCTOR says

CICFA IS THE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

Then you may Eat Bread, Potatoes, etc. and digest and enjoy all Xmas food.

Mr. J. F. Barter, of Wembley, writes; "Having had a long illness, my digestive organs have gone quite wrong. My Doctor has prescribed Cicfa, so will you please send me one 3/- size, for which I enclose Postal Order."


GASES in Stomach or eructations.
Sharp, Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN
TONGUE coated white all over
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose, Spots & Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest & Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty
EATING disliked or loathed Biliousness and bad taste in mouth
PAINS in Bowels, Griping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery
Do you know CICFA is the only remedy which cures BOTH STOMACH INDIGESTION with its HEARTBURN PALPITATION etc. AND BOWEL INDIGESTION with its ACIDITY, FLATULENCE CONSTIPATION etc.
which causes
which causes

Doctors may disagree on some points, but many thousands now *agree* that although there was no cure for INDIGESTION until Cicfa was prepared, they now have in Cicfa a perfectly reliable Cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Thousands of doctors when informed of the different kinds of digestive ferments composing Cicfa, at once concluded that it would cure. Over 5,000 doctors wrote to us for samples of Cicfa, many other doctors were so convinced that they prescribed Cicfa without waiting for samples. They were so pleased with the results and so delighted to have at last obtained a reliable cure for Indigestion, both in Stomach and Bowel, that more than 400 have written us testimonials, which, of course, we are not permitted to publish with name and address.

Here follows one of those letters from a doctor of high standing which we have received, and which we give word for word.

THIS DOCTOR writes:—"I am pleased to say I have personally tried your Cicfa and derived much relief from them. I have also given them to my father who is 90 years of age, who suffers only from Flatulent Dyspepsia. He has had immense relief. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial if you will kindly withhold my name and address."

The doctors knew that Cicfa must cure, and why it would cure, because they knew its ingredients would digest all the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and all the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, thus digestion would become perfect, and there would be no more Flatulence, Constipation, Heartburn, Headaches, etc.

No other remedy has ever been produced for prescribing, or for the public direct, which has this power.

On your holidays, and when travelling, you are generally Constipated. That is not your Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which is caused by change of food, etc. Cicfa prevents and cures it, and makes your holiday a joy.

15,000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist (**all Chemists sell Cicfa at 1/3 and 3/-**). If they should be out of stock for the moment we will forward it to you post free on receipt of Postal Order or stamps.

THE CICFA COMPANY,

Ltd., Duke Street, Manchester Sq., London.

John Bull 21/12/18.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

SOUTH HACKNEY.—We have again to thank an enormous number of friends who have sent us good wishes, mascots, etc., in connection with our South Hackney contest, and wish it were possible to write each one individually.

N. D. (Bolton).—Verse 2: "'Peace is declared,' is the joyous cry Of the crowds as they surge along; But a sob was the only answer Of a woman I passed in the throng." Yet from such sobs are made the songs of victory.

"PRIVATE" (Forest Hill) has heard "a very amiable man" say Lord Beresford and we should be shot for "constantly decrying the German people." To Hades with the German people!

W. S. (Kilmarnock).—"Who was first to start air raids between this country and Germany?" The Huns. Surely there are not many Scotsmen with a memory or wits like yours?

R. S. (Golborne).—"Major Lygon, candidate for Newton Division, said you were one of the greatest patriots in the country. That's all." Well, it's enough to go on with.

E. L. (Peckham).—"Put me up at Hackney as your proxy, to represent your sentiments and deliver your speeches." Your generous offer was too late. Had we only known!

"DOUGH-NUT" (V.A.D.).—We have no doubt many poor village people have been entirely without coal during attacks of 'flu. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

"EX-SAPPER" (Thatto Heath).—"Compel the German U-boat commanders to engage divers to bring up the thousands of tons of food immersed in the briny." No, thanks. Our food supplies are salt enough.

G. H. P. (Walthamstow).—"'We've got the ships, we've got the men ——' And we'll have the Kaiser too.

M. H. (Rochdale).—Your father—forty years in America—would "like to see the German beasts pay the full penalty of their crimes." Impossible, unless we exterminated the lot. But the penalty is going to be as full as we can make it.

"HAND" (Macclesfield).—The silk firms paid their workers up to 5s. for time lost through rejoicing on armistice afternoon. They could not reasonably expect to be paid when they absented themselves the next day as well.

MISS G. L. (Brighton).—"We are all looking to you for big things in Peace." Thanks; we have several good-sized ideas.

A. W. P. (Chester).—"The Coal Controller should have a stroll round Hackney Wick." To see us walk-over?

"STRONG SUPPORTER" (Edinburgh).—Never mind what you "heard a fellow remark" about us; probably his tongue was too big for his mouth.

T. K. (Maidstone).—Germany must pay an Indemnity and "never mind a damn if it does make her poor." That's the stuff, sonny. Hope you voted for the right man.

F. S. S. (Transvaal).—"Buy out the British South Africa Company." Thanks for the tip, but we must see how we stand after meeting the Election and Christmas bills.

"A PARENT" (New Eltham).—We believe in liberality, but could you honestly expect your daughter, while in motor-training, to be allowed free rail from Wales to London every week-end? Do be fair, even to the Government.

"FLABBERGASTED" (Paisley).—The Scotch Bolshevist who says "when he was in prison he was offered a Government post, taken in audience with the King, and sent home by special train, with escort to his own back door," may be correct in regard to the last six words.

F. E. S. (Brighton).—Thanks for drawing of William on the scaffold, by your little boy. Where did he learn all about those pretty broad arrows?

"MANY TOMMIES AND JACKS." (Tunbridge Wells).—Thy names are the names of Tommy and Jack, but thy writing is the hand of Jess or Jenny.

P. P. (Balderton).—The B.B. sample picture-postcard you send us was printed in Germany, the fantastic border being an impudent attempt on the part of the publishers—whose name you do not give us—to disguise the fact.

C. E. K. (Herne).—We have read some poets, but you—well, go and buy yourself a fivepenny banana.

THE A. C. CO., LTD. (Fenchurch Street).—"The Government should grant a rebate—say six months of the unexpired time—on all Aircraft Insurance." It is easier to get butter out of a dog's throat.

J. K. (Rowhedge).—"I am writing to ask you if you would like to have the working of the world, and how it is worked, and all that is on the world." Awfully good of you, to be sure, but perhaps it would only make others jealous.

B. L. (no address).—Thanks for poem, but—— Your praises make our heart beat thirteen to the dozen.

A. S. (Tottenham).—"Excuse the ink." Certainly; but what has it done?

"ASSISTANT" (Bridlington).—You seem rather to have missed our point, but since the Election is all over now it doesn't matter, does it? Nice lad, you seem.

"LATE HIGHLANDER" (Nottingham).—Unless the missus has lit the fire with us, look and see what we said the week before last about having one society, and one only, for all discharged men.

M. C. N. B. (Kingston).—The account of what you would like done to the Kaiser has made us go all goosey—although, as you say, the wretch deserves it all, and more.

"LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Hereford).—Is there any point to your letter? If so, you ought to have put a mark against it.

T. B. (Great Yarmouth).—Afraid cannot advise you how to "soften your hard-hearted master," unless you club together to buy him some beer.

M. M. I. (Cardiff).—Mr. J. H. Thomas is a member of the Labour Party, but not, we believe, of the I.L.P., the latter being a distinct organisation composed mainly of pro-German cranks.

G. C. S. (Cleethorpes).—"Hell to the Kaiser! Yours respectfully." Not *his*, evidently.

"PATTY BANKS" (Surrey Docks).—Fifty years old, and you have made, since war, forty-eight trips to America, ninety-six times in danger zone. You deserve, not "a bit of ribbon," but a yard of it.

A. M. (South Hackney).—Devil's Island for Wicked Willy is not a bad suggestion, but don't say "there is no other home suitable." There is always Down-Below burning to receive him.

M. H. (Leominster).—Lonely as you are you have the right kind of sense and pluck. Keep it up, sonny, and you'll do well.

"SLOGAN" (Darlington).—No room for music in JOHN BULL, though we agree in making the Hun dance to some tune

MRS. H. E. C. (Portished).—The hotel people salted you pretty well for the "light supper"; but we know where you can get lighter suppers for a lot more money.

M. FITZG. (Richmond).—"If only some strong men would brush away the cranks." Imposs. The best the strongest man can do is to sit on 'em.

"SERGEANT" (R.F.A.).—Not surprised at your disgust with Canon Butler and the other professional pietarians of Preston in preaching the "law of love" for the Hun. It would make more impression on the Devil.

F. J. G. G. (Stoke).—Glad you still wear the smile that won't come off. Such men are Britain's glory; to neglect you would be Britain's shame.

"DISGUSTED" (Brearwood) is one of about a dozen W.A.A.C.s fined 2s. 6d. each for overstaying their time-out on armistice night. Seems harsh disciplinary punishment for such an occasion. Still, the extra fun may have been worth it.

SAPPER A. J. E. (R.A.F., France).—Sorry no space for a report that "takes up half-a-dozen foolscap sheets, single spacing." Perhaps we might squeeze it in if you boiled it down to an inch.

MR. and MRS. F. (Hackney).—"The idea of 'writing to JOHN BULL about it' is getting almost a household word." Nay, friends, it is almost a family prayer.

MRS. L. (Thurso).—We are not sure that "our dear boys" would be interested in your study of the Book of Revelation—although there is no doubt you have got the Kaiser ticked off to the tocnails.

"STUDENT" (Carlisle).—"Wishing yourself and staff a merry Christmas." Same to you, and long legs to the baby.

"SOUTH STREET."—"Have lady's elegant evening dress for sale. Would you advise Christy's Rooms?" No. Might as well suggest the Christy Minstrels.

"ANONYMOUS."—"Awake, awake, true Englishmen, And raise a mighty shout To let the Germans know at last We mean to turn them out." We are awake and mightily shouting, as ordered.

MRS. M. M. (Haslemere) suggests a Flag Day for war widows. Flag Days are overdone. We must keep the Government to their national obligations.

"SYDNEY" (Gloucestershire).—Milk is generally scarce. The cows are believed to be holiday-making along with the one-and-ninepenny rabbits.

"SILVER BADGE" (York).—Evidently "J. R. Mozley, Headingley," is one of those pacifists who in peace, as in war, would be kind to the Huns.

F. H. (Leicester).—"Has Mr. Ramsay Macdonald a castle in Scotland?" No. All his castles are in Spain.

"SILVER BADGE MAN" (Bristol).—The "conscientious objectors" now in gaol for their sins should be kept there to the fullest period of their sentence.

R. F. M. (Watford) saw in 1915 a JOHN BULL poster reading "Germany is Whacked." "Is it true, sir?" he asks.. So we have heard.

PTE. J. H. (Catford).—So far as we know, nobody would run you in for setting your verses to the tune of the National Anthem.

"JOHNNY" (Totnes).—Yes. We have extended the closing date of this week's "Bullets" competition in view of the Christmas holidays. The first prize has been increased to £500.

A. D. (Dingwall).—You have a perfect right to grumble, of course, but you shouldn't spoil so much paper over it. One shout, one sheet, is a good rule.

"BUFFALO" (Sheffield).—In stopping the "Buffs' open night" the chief policeman showed himself an unreasonable kill-joy. Perhaps he would have been sweeter if you had offered him a ticket.

"SCOTTISH BARTON" (Carlisle).—As you say, "the widow, the fatherless, the crippled and the maimed have become a national trust."

W. J. (Hampstead, N.W.).—"Are the toys at the Christmas Bazaars made by interned Germans?" Why? Do they smell like it?

J. H. (Islington, N.).—Thanks for letter, although your hand-writing has worried us no end. Afraid you must have chosen a moist evening for the job.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR XMAS GIFT.

Your last opportunity.

At the request of numerous readers we are reprinting the Xmas Gift Coupon, and as a further concession this coupon will be available to the 8th January.

SEND AT ONCE

The Manager,
"John Bull" Pen Dept.,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

No. 1.	Standard Model Price	3/-
	with Gift Coupon "	2/-
No. 2.	D.L. (De Luxe) Model "	4/-
	with Gift Coupon "	3/-
No. 3.	Presentation Model "	5/6
	with Gift Coupon "	4/6
No. 4.	Safety Model "	5/6
	with Gift Coupon "	4/6
No. 5.	Self-Filling Model "	6/6
	with Gift Coupon "	5/6
No. 6.	Style "	3/6
	with Gift Coupon "	2/6

Postage and Insurance 3d. each extra.

State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required

BY USING this GIFT COUPON you may deduct **1/-** from the price of any of these PENS.

A 9618

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Xmas, 1918

This Coupon *entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to* **One Shilling.**

Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen.

Available till January 8th, 1919.

Signed, The Manager

£0-1-0.

G. R.

Ministry of Labour.

DEMOBILISATION OF THE FORCES.

If you want workers

of any kind, male or female, get into touch with the nearest Employment Exchange. Let them know your wants some time ahead, if you can, and do not forget your duty to the disabled men.

If you want work

go to the nearest Employment Exchange and tell them what you want. They will help you and, if they cannot give you a job and you come within the Government scheme, you will get your Unemployment Donation.

Employment Exchange Managers are anxious to do their best for you, but they cannot do anything unless you tell them what you want.

Issued by the Demobilisation and Resettlement Department, 8, *Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W.* 1.

'BULLETS' NEW YEAR PRIZES

1ST PRIZE £500

2ND Prize £50

1ST PRIZE 3RD PRIZE £10

20 PRIZES OF £2-10 | 50 PRIZES OF 10/- | 400 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 7,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

☞ PLEASE NOTE THAT, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, THE CLOSING DATE HAS BEEN EXTENDED UNTIL JANUARY 2nd.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—Soon Forgotten. Bullet:—Tommy By Pensions Minister. Example:—Taking It Easy. Bullet:—Munition Workers Now. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Jan. 18th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS". COMPETITION No. 314.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS	AFTER THE ELECTION	TAKING IT EASY	NO THANKS	A WISE MAID	CONQUERING HEROES
WHEN HAIG RETURNS	HAPPY NEW YEAR	WHAT BOTTOMLEY WILL DO	A FAIR DECEIVER	UNDER THE MISTLETOE	MANY HAPPY RETURNS
OCCUPYING GERMANY	PRINCIPAL BOY	WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS	THE GERMANS	WITHOUT TOMMY	VERY DOUBTFUL
VERY NICE TO	MOTHER'S WORK	THE NEXT PRIME MINISTER	IN THE FUTURE	NEW MEMBERS	A HUG'S GAME
WELL-FILLED STOCKING	WHEN FATHER RETURNS	MAN OF BUSINESS	CHRISTMAS BEER	GOING CHEAP	WHAT KAISER FEARS
SOON FORGOTTEN	LLOYD GEORGE'S RESOLUTION				

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d, must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 314, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write Competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

Result of Competition No. 312 ("Bullets" £1,000 Xmas Box) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 315.

WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR	NEVER TROUBLES FATHER	MAKES A DIFFERENCE	NAFOO	TURNING OVER NEW LEAF
TOMMY'S HOME	MUST PAY	PANTOMIME JOKES	IN LONDON	A BIG LIE
THE NEW PARLIAMENT	THE GERMAN EAGLE	WE ALL WISH	HARD TO PLEASE	A GOOD WIFE
PROMISING MEMBER	THE SPEAKER	LABOUR TROUBLES	A PRIZEWINNER	BLAMING THE KAISER

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JAN. 9th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **315** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 315,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for competition **314.**

URGENT! SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO-DAY!

FREE BOOK OF AMAZING XMAS BARGAINS

Write now. Send your address to H. SAMUEL at once and choose your Xmas Gifts from his Big Free Bargain Book of beautiful Jewellery, Watches and Plate offered at next to FACTORY PRICES that save you ordinary retailers' profits.

Write now. See the Free Book for full list of 77 large Branches

65/- £10 £12

DIAMOND & GEM RINGS. Exquisite Gems set in hall-marked Gold, from 25/-

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fully jewelled movement, Nickel Case, 17/6

H. SAMUEL 100, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

THE CHELLAPHONE

Soldiers and Sailors love it. British invention to beat German mouth organs. Post free, 1/1½ each, from the maker,

R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

ALL THE LATEST TUNES can be played on

For HEADACHE and NEURALGIA

The NEW-Formula

DAISY

Dr. Robertson Wallace, the West-end Specialist, writes: "Your new Formula for the Daisy Headache Cure merits my complete approval. I lay great stress on its efficiency and safety."

NEW FORMULA DAISY PRICES, 2d. each: 8 for 1/-; 20 for 2/3. Daisy, Ltd., Leeds.

SKIN TROUBLE? Send for our Trial Bottle FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Write to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/9, of all chemists

SEND FOR THE TRIAL BOTTLE NOW.

If you remit 2d. in stamps we will enclose a 3½d. tablet of D.D.D. Soap.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,

M.N. 21. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

PITMAN'S LEAN-DUPLEYAN SHORTHAND

LEARNED IN 12 LESSONS. Highest Speed. Legible as print. 100 words per minute in 4 weeks. Handbook and Lesson Free. Shorthand Association, Ltd., 295, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1. Tele.: 6111 Holborn.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc. EASY TERMS J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT

AT LAST!! AN EASY HOME CURE

Why think your case hopeless? "Curicones" that wonderful specific which has cured thousands will cure you. They not only stop pain, but attack the root of the mischief, removing the cause, not merely relieving symptoms. They cure when every other remedy has failed.

Read this:—"I suffered for over 20 years—was in bed a long time and could not walk. One of my boys sent me a cutting from JOHN BULL telling of your "Curicones." I tried them, and before long was able to throw away my stick and improved daily. Now, I am quite cured, and cannot speak too highly of your wonderful "Curicones" (C.M.) qr

Do as this lady did and cure yourself at home. Don't delay. Waiting won't help you.

FREE Send name, address and ailment and we will post you a trial package and an interesting book about "Curicones." Stephen Matthews & Co, Ltd. (Dept. V 21), 27 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A £30,000 Book.

CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD.

FOR nine PENCE a week you can possess one of the most extraordinary and fascinating works ever published, "CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD," a popular account of the *most curious* customs of all countries relating to birth, childhood and youth, courtship, marriage, religion, magic, sorcery, superstition, witchcraft, death, funerals, burial, and mourning.

A few of the thousands of customs which are included are: On the birth of a child, a father will lie up as an invalid in addition to the mother; if a child of the undesired sex is born it is thrown into the sea; where women propose to men; the importance of the mother-in-law in different countries; peculiar divorce and marriage ceremonies; curious secret societies; sacrifices; human sacrifices; propitiation ceremonies; elaborate processions; mutilation and torture; suspending by the feet to a tree for many years; lying on spikes; idolatry; ghosts; sorcerers; charms; witches; magicians; suicides of wives; professional spirit-catchers; peculiar burial rites; curious memorials to prevent haunting; wearing of limbs and skull of the deceased.

These are but an odd few of the many customs dealt with popularly by great authorities and which are beautifully illustrated on Art Paper.

The letterpress throughout is by the leading authorities, and there are no less than 1,443 fine illustrations, selected from some tens of thousands, and 31 beautiful colour-plates.

The work consists of two large, handsome volumes, beautifully bound in half-morocco leather grain, elaborately gilded. It is sure to please you. Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you free 48 specimen pages and two coloured plates, printed on Art Paper, and worth at least one shilling. Send to-day to THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd. (Dept. 165), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

ENERGY and PERSISTENCE

The great need of to-day is for energetic, persistent and efficient workers who are not deterred by difficulties. The exercise of these qualities makes great demands upon the human body: demands which may be met with the assistance of 'BYNOGEN.'

'BYNOGEN' is rich in Milk Protein, the most powerful of all body-builders; in phosphorus, the nerve builder; and in malt products which supply energizing carbo-hydrates. All these are combined to form a perfect concentrated food alike for hard workers and growing children.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715
B57

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes.

THE MANUFACTURERS REGRET THAT UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE OUTPUT TO CORRESPOND WITH THE GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND.

Terms and particulars with regard to these Cigarettes at Duty Free Rates when required for gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital may be obtained from

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED.

CREAM for Christmas!

Made with a whisk, a pint of milk, and BIRD'S Custard Powder.

In the absence of cream, the newest notion is to turn Bird's Custard into a lovely rich cream by whisking.

Prepare Bird's Custard *exactly* according to directions, when cold it should only just set. Then whisk thoroughly and you have a delicious Bird's Custard Cream.

Splendid in tartlets, cream horns and in anything for which thick or clotted cream is used. If served with plain puddings this rich cream makes them delightful treats.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

saves sugar. In cooking, you can reduce sugar by one half or less if you always serve Bird's Custard with puddings and other dishes.

C308

For the

Coming Guest

ONLY the best is good enough for your looked-for visitor. Have Gibbs's Cold Cream Toilet and Shaving Soaps, and Gibbs's Dentifrice in readiness, and you can provide the most refreshing, healthful Toilet Requisites obtainable.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM
Shaving Soap

Of all Chemists
Price 7d. and 1/-.

Containing as it does a soothing emollient ointment, Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap yields a rich effective lather which renders shaving easy and leaves the skin smooth and comfortable.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD.
(Dept. 13),
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1. Est. 1712

Are YOU employing a disabled man?

MAKE TAR SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ASTHMA.

A MONEY SAVING RECIPE.

What is doubtless the best, cheapest, and quickest acting cough remedy known can be made at home in a few minutes by dissolving three ounces of pure bitrate of tar in hot water. You can get a 3s. bottle of the concentrated bitrate of tar from any good chemist, and it is only necessary to put this in a jug and then slowly add sufficient hot water to make up to half a pint, stirring well all the time. It is ready for use when cold, and if kept in a tightly-corked bottle it will keep good for months. The dose for Adults is one to two teaspoonfuls every hour or two until the cough is cured; Children should take half as much. Thousands of people used this syrup last winter with wonderful results, and every mother is strongly advised to keep a bottle of Bitrate of Tar Cough Syrup at hand now that Influenza and various forms of chest and lung troubles are so prevalent. It is true that it is a simple, home-made remedy, but it is doubtless the only thing that will immediately cure those coughs and colds which so often lead to serious illnesses.—(ADVT.)

IDENTIFICATION DISCS.

4/-

Set Gold .. 21/- Silver .. 8s.
Gold Filled 4/-

For Wrens or W.A.A.C.S., Tommies or Jacks.

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

SIMS & MAYER (Dept. J.B.) Walter House, 82 Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

TINT YOUR GREY HAIR the proper natural colour with

SHADEINE.

The universal favourite. Its instantaneous permanent & harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints.

Trial bottle 8d., post 10½d., 1/4 size 1/7; 3/6 size 4/6.
Of all Chemists, or direct from THE SHADEINE CO., Dept. J.B., 58 Westbourne Grove, London W.

The "Mascot" Petrol Lighters, for lighting Cigars, Pipes, Cigarettes, Fires, Gas, or act as a Candle. Never fails, will last a life time. Upkeep one Flint per month, 3d. each. The "Mascot" Lighter is British, and can be had with plain sides for engraving initials or with the following badges: Britain, America, Royal Air Force, Royal Navy, Royal Army Medical Corps, Army Service Corps, Royal Engineers, Royal Field Artillery, Beautifully finished, Regt. No. &c. &c. Make splendid Presents for Xmas and New Year. To be obtained at Tobacconists, Stores, etc. Price 7/6 each, or direct from sole distributors,

CHAS. ORME & CO.,
93/94, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

FLINTS for every make of Petrol Lighters, "Black Diamond" Brand, 1/6 per dozen. Wheels, 6d. each. Springs, 1d. and 2d. Wicks, 1d. Pocket Lighters, 2/9 each. Postage on any article 2d.

NATIONAL HAIR-GROWING EXPERIMENT

How to Rid Yourself of Impoverished Hair, and Secure a Magnificent Growth of Beautiful Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 Four-Fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits Free to Readers To-Day.

REMARKABLE interest has been aroused in a wonderful and delightful plan of home hair-growing experiments, which every man and woman who takes a pride in his or her appearance and desires to possess a wealth of abundant hair should learn about.

This plan consists of an interesting series of pleasant hair-beauty exercises, in which all the necessary materials are supplied free of charge, and certainly every man or woman, whether their hair be perfectly healthy or whether they are suffering from some form of hair trouble, will delight to participate in.

The Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene-Hair Drill" is responsible for this great Experimental Hair-Growing Campaign, and in making this announcement he says:—

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

"There are millions of people the world over who now practise 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' but I shall not remain content until every one has proved for themselves how easy it is to cultivate beautiful hair. Therefore, in introducing this new campaign, I have decided once more to offer a million 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Outfits free, so that all may prove to their own satisfaction that no matter what the present condition of their hair may be, they can grow healthy abundant hair at any age."

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful hair-tonic stimulant and dressing that compels a magnificent growth of hair.

2. A Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest scalp-cleanser in the world, which prepares the head for hair-drill.

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose hair is inclined to be "dry."

Enjoy a luxurious shampoo with the free supply of "Cremex" Powder in accordance with the instructions you will receive in the Free Gift Parcel. "Cremex" Shampoo is delightfully refreshing, invigorating and healthful.

Sprinkle the hair with the refreshing and revivifying Hair-growing "Harlene," gently massaging the roots, of the hair, as fully explained in the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, which also accompanies the Outfit.

Should you wish to secure an additional touch of elegance and brightness to your hair, apply a drop or two of the "Uzon" Brilliantine, a sample of which is also included in the Hair-Health Outfit.

4. A Free Manual explaining exactly how to carry out the "Harlene" "Hair-Drill."

No matter whether you are suffering from total or partial baldness, thin, straggling, or weak hair, falling or splitting hair, over-greasiness of the scalp, scurf, or dryness, unruly, wiry hair, you will find "Harlene Hair-Drill" will awaken your hair to new life, and will bring back all its natural health and abundance.

HARLENE FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and fine condition.

You can obtain further supplies from your chemist: "Harlene" 4s. 6d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle (in solidified form for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use); "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty, any or all of these preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE HAIR-DRILL COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

"John Bull," 21-12-18.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

QUACKS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

Quackery cannot cure Venereal Disease. Quackery takes the money—and leaves the disease. Patent medicines are patent folly. To trust to casual "mixtures" or "capsules" is to run the greatest risks. The patient goes on paying and the disease goes on getting worse. Pounds and pounds disappear, but the discharge remains.

The cure of Venereal Disease demands expert medical skill and personal attention. That is why the Government has provided free treatments, where everyone can go under conditions of secrecy. All sufferers from Venereal Disease, including those who have taken a risk even if no symptoms appear, should go immediately to a doctor or to the Out-patients' Department of the nearest Hospital.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

Cailler's

COCOA

The Cocoa that Nourishes

Of Exquisite Flavour and Perfect Purity

Leave it to MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE Electric Lamps

to ensure maximum brilliancy with utmost economy in your lighting.

BRITISH MADE.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

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